THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume X — New York, Wednesday, October 9, 1929 — Number 23

EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Illusion of Mr. Shearer 571
Week by Week 572
Bloody Bill Barnes 576
Thinking and Tradition 577
The Senate Looks at Unemployment, II . . John A. Ryan 578
Summer Cabin (*verse*) ..... Charles A. Wagner 580
Claudel's Play of Paradox ..... Katherine Brégy 581
What Have the Faithful Sung? ..... Karl Schaezler 583
Law and Law Enforcement ..... Johannes Mattern 585
Thither Are My Sorrows (*verse*) ..... M. de Gracia Concepcion 587
In a Convent Garden ..... A Maryknoll Sister 587
Death Dread (*verse*) ..... Concha Espina 588
Communications 589
The Play ..... Richard Dana Skinner 591
Books ..... Patrick J. Healy, George Fort Milton, George N. Shuster, John Gilland Brunini, Doris Cunningham 593

Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THE ILLUSION OF MR. SHEARER

W. B. SHEARER grows more interesting but less significant. He is a symbol, an index, a revelation, a give-away. But he seems to be losing all his dimensions as a power behind the throne. That he succeeded in getting employment from various shipbuilding companies as a propagandist is a fact now proved and admitted. But what were his credentials? If one accepts the testimony of Mr. Samuel Wakeman, an official prominently identified with the Bethlehem interests, Shearer had practically no cash value at all. To the Senate investigating committee Mr. Wakeman declared that he had been "jazzed off his feet" by a "super-salesman." Evidently here was a candidate for employment who combined modern elocutionary methods with very old-fashioned tricks. As the testimony piles up, we behold Shearer not only receiving mysterious parcels from "prominent navy officials" but also getting hold of "secret documents in code," of confidential admissions which wrecked conferences, of recipes for reaching the hearts of even the greatest among American newspapermen. He divined the policy of the New York Times, bent the diplomatic organizations of several countries to his will, and all but dictated congressional oratory. That most of this is sheer nonsense we concede. But it was also Shearer nonsense. It was the kind of thing which first-rate business men, with the proverbial hard heads, were willing to credit and pay for.

That leads to the belief that, regardless of the individual importance of this particular brand of propaganda and its bearing upon national security and international amity, the whole domain of lobbying needs investigation. Senator Caraway has called for it. Equally valiant men have long since insisted upon it. Nothing else, it seems, can really safeguard what remains of the nation's intelligence and virtue. All governments under the sun have, it is true, endured sieges at the hands of "interested parties." We are all hazily familiar with the doings of barons and brokers, of anti-alcoholists and sabre-rattlers. But things have now come to such a pass that the labyrinths of influence at Washington look perilously like the underground passages of antique novels. Anything may happen in them. Mr. Sinclair, learning that the Department of Justice is equipped with observers, hires a veritable battalion of apparently irresponsible pickets. The Anti-saloon League is said to have specialized in reputations—with the result that even skeletons secure in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their closets are trembling with fear. And when it seemed as if the United States and Great Britain might reach an agreement tending to alter the character of ships to be built in local navy yards, the ineffably mysterious program of Mr. Shearer appealed to interested parties as just the right thing. Obviously here is a realm in which every assertion sounds credible, in which any kind of rumor looks like fact.

Meanwhile, waiting for the dawn to illumine (as it may eventually) the dark alleys which appear to make the nation's capital the most gigantic and fancy-full speakeasy on record, one may be grateful for the airing which the Shearer matter is receiving. People happen to be vitally interested in a program which will curtail the chances of a new war on a gigantic scale. They have been convinced that competitive ship-building, like competitive armament of any kind, would tend to make the United States a party to aggression in world affairs. Underneath the pacifism which this attitude sometimes implies, one discerns a popular struggle over the shaping of a definitive national policy. Shall it be conceded that the day of progressive inner development is over, and that the future lies in the conquest of imperial dominion? This question needs to be weighed in conformity with facts. Centralized as our governmental and financial agencies have become, the citizen too frequently identifies them with the whole country, forgetting that the mere geographic outlines of America point the way to a totally different future. California may house a people more numerous than the population of Germany. It is conceivable that Connecticut might rival Belgium in activity and resources. And so it is eminently necessary to reckon with future relations between Connecticut and California, as symbols for all the sovereign states.

Under conditions such as have been revealed through the Shearer inquiry, all careful concern with such plain truths is impossible. Facts dissolve in the presence of ridiculous spectres. And it is with genuine dismay that one beholds sober gentlemen, accustomed to business enterprise on a grand scale, placing their interests ahead of the destinies of the nation and their minds in the thrall of tomfoolery. In a measure, none of us finds the narrative quite credible. But hard though it be to accept such a declaration, the fact remains that the prevalent image of our government has very much in common with an old and horror-laden romance. Mysterious agents whisper to each other in the dark, "super-salesmen" loom majestic with power over the representatives of the people, and (for all we know) the least of our senators has bartered his soul to Satan at a handsome figure. Really, one cannot greatly blame the very imaginative Mr. Shearer. It is likely enough that, sniffing a patriotic danger in the talk-laden air, he merely set out to provide himself with ways and means calculated to dissuade humanity from walking over the edge of (to his mind) a cliff. Not every fighter goes to battle so handsomely attired, so eager—and so unperturbed.

WEEK BY WEEK

INTRINSIC importance and a high degree of popular interest do not always combine harmoniously in the treatment of art and letters by writers and teachers and when religion also enters into the combination, the general public is apt to pass by on the other side of the way. Nevertheless, such a happy combination is precisely what has been effected by the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, of the College of the Sacred Heart. A course of public lectures in the history of sacred art has now been announced, to begin on October 25, and to continue thereafter with two lectures monthly until April 25. We cannot recall any other course of lectures which more happily combines fundamental importance and a high degree of popular interest. The list of speakers is in itself the best guarantee of this. The introductory lecture will be by Professor Edward Kennard Rand, of Harvard University, one of the guiding lights of the Mediaeval Academy of America. The subject of liturgical drama will be dealt with by another eminent authority, Professor Karl Young, of Yale University. The Reverend T. Lawrason Riggs, chaplain of the Catholic Club of Yale University, will give the December lectures on rubrics, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram will speak in January on architecture and Mr. Bancel La Farge in February on sacred paintings. In March there will be two lectures on sacred literature by the Reverend Cornelius Clifford, whose competence to deal with this subject is thoroughly established. In April Mrs. Justine B. Ward, to whose initiative the Pius X School of Liturgical Music owes its origin and much of its high success, will bring the course to its conclusion with two lectures on liturgical music.

Of the Highest Importance

THE lectures will be given in the Pius X Hall at 130th Street and Convent Avenue. Not only will they be open to the general public, but a special effort is, in fact, being made to bring them to the attention of the general public. In noting the circumstance that no fewer than three of the distinguished speakers are not members of the Catholic Church, no further proof need be adduced in support of the statement that the sacred arts, even when brought as these lectures will bring them, within the limits of Catholic Christianity, are the precise reverse of sectarian in their subject-matter and in their appeal to the interest of the cultured public. The Commonweal will deal with this important matter in more detail in a subsequent issue. Meanwhile, we have no hesitancy in requesting all our readers who are in or near New York to communicate with the Director of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, Convent Avenue and West 133d Street, New York, N. Y. The lecture hall, while admirably adapted to such a purpose, is not large, and it is very probable that only those who at once make application for season tickets will secure accommodations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MacDonald en Route

UNLESS carefully laid plans go awry, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will squeeze out of his visit to America every drop of stimulant calculated to revive good feeling between England and the United States. In theory the difficulties to be surmounted are acute but not of primary importance. Washington's attitude toward the financial problems accruing from the war has, no doubt, been accepted as tentatively final, so that little actual discussion of it can be expected. There remains a number of more specifically diplomatic concerns, some of them thorny enough. It is, however, imperative that negotiations entered upon for a reduction of naval armaments should not arrive at a futile impasse this time. The correspondence exchanged between Mr. MacDonald's government and our own has been uniformly pleasant in tenor, though caution has become steadily more marked as time proceeds. In view of the circumstance that anticipatory commitments might well prove embarrassing at a conference bound to weigh the pleas and demands of other world powers, "safety first" is indispensable in diplomatic correspondence. On the other hand, it is obviously desirable that the real strength of American and British public opinion should be revealed in advance. The coming of the Prime Minister should symbolize this opinion and convey its will effectively to others.

Eccentric Mexican Voters

SEVERAL lurid phenomena to the contrary notwithstanding, campaigning in Mexico has proceeded with unusual calm. It is true that pistols have cracked briskly in the state of Vera Cruz and that several minor incidents have added sensational color to the presidential campaign itself. One believes, however, that the country is anxious to surmount these outbursts of passion and to face the business of elections seriously. The campaign oratory, especially that of Señor Vasconcelos, is of an unusually high order. Making his appeal as a proponent of reform that is to be wider than the "mere political," this doughty individualist has succeeded in getting his speeches printed and widely distributed. It is interesting to note (of course on the basis of what information one can get) that "patriotism" is markedly a theme which both candidates stress vigorously. There is nothing to indicate that the Mexican is conscious of a "new era of coöperation" between his government and that of the United States. As a matter of fact, the yearning for independence from the "colossus of the North" seems to be stronger than ever. The recent celebration of Mexico's century of freedom from Spanish rule, enthusiastic though it seems to have been, is not the only evidence substantiating the point. Washington has still a very long way to go before it can hope to regain the confidence of this mysterious but fascinating southern land which conditions so large a part of its Central American policy.

For a Nobler Washington

WE AGREE that the movement to dry up Washington is probably very necessary, but regret that it is not at all in keeping with the city's tone. It is hard to understand how a man who senses the responsibilities of public office as keenly as Senator Brookhart usually does could so forget himself as to allege that liquor had been consumed at the New Willard Hotel, in the very presence of the chairman of the Finance Committee. If such things were true they ought not to be aired in public. Indeed, one feels that the Senator from Iowa has been indulging in new biography. What if the rest of Washington has been indulging in something else? In the interests of amity the matter should be ignored, because the information about alcohol which Senator Howell is publishing sounds perilously like an endeavor to steal some of the credit from Baltimore. We have excellent authority for the statement that pressmen in the national capital have been riding to the neighboring metropolis regularly in quest of inspiration; and if they once get wind of the fact that General Butler is in line for a new job, ticket sales on the Baltimore and Ohio are sure to decrease. This threat to a basic American industry—not to mention this deplorable adventure in muckraking—has only one possible justification. It is well for citizens to realize that Washington is not an exotic town, aloof from all that characterizes the nation's life, but a fair sample of the country as a whole. But there will be those who feel that even such service to truth is no adequate compensation for a gross lapse in good taste.

The Cardinal of Notre Dame

HAVING received the Eucharist for the last time on a day which marked the fiftieth year of his life as a priest, Cardinal Dubois, archbishop of Paris, died leaving several important goals for which he had struggled manfully nearer but still unreached. The many years of his episcopacy, associated with sees as different actually and historically as Verdun, Rouen and Paris, were marked by several important crises. First came the conflict with the Third Republic, which ended in the dissolution of the concordat, the secularization of ecclesiastical property, the disbanding of religious communities and other important losses to the Church. Then the world war began, achieving for French Catholics something like a restoration of their civic position but bringing with it untold misery, the loss of churches and priests, and the moral disaffection of many. Finally the open conflict between the Papacy and l'Action Française precluded any immediate hope of unification among the faithful and, indeed, brought new disarray which only time can master. Out of his experience in all these periods of turmoil, Cardinal Dubois evolved a formula of action which is likely to survive him as a guide to a new ecclesiastical order in France. Though this is not at all original, when judged by the tradition of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church, it does possess a promising freshness in so far as the great prelate's own time and his own people are concerned.

BRIEFLY speaking, one may say that this formula has three significant applications. The first has to do with nationalism, as that was conceived of by reactionary French Catholics during the war period. To them "patriotism" meant not coöperation with the authorities charged with government of the country and improvement of its international position, but uncompromising hostility to the republic and unquestioning loyalty to an "ideal France" identified with a specific culture, form of government and social tradition. The Cardinal, while agreeing that much room for improvement exists, particularly when the Catholic social ideal is reckoned with, felt that advancement could be hoped for only if as much as possible was attained through concerted action. Thus, "liberty" for the Church might not mean everything which the old concordat had implied; and yet, if it were granted through the sincere desire of the nation, it would be a vast improvement over the old status of continued hostility which had gained nothing for anybody. In his work as an apologist, the Cardinal was likewise guided by the conviction that nothing could be gained by emptying vials of wrath upon the outside world. He sincerely believed that spiritual influence is first of all the result of a "loving will," which has confidence in the recipe of charity rather than in the rule of force or feverishness. Finally, he applied this formula—which is really a Christian version of the golden mean—to all the intellectual and social problems of the time. He believed in a religious-minded syndicalism but not in communistic revolt; in scientific study but not in sophistic emancipation; in firmness of attitude but not in fanatical rigorism. And because he interpreted so well the experience and spirit of the Church, it is difficult to believe that his memory will not prevail even as his living presence did.

WE HAVE been reading much about the difficulty of the small-town libraries in keeping up with the current output of fiction, and when we once ventured to wonder why they try to keep up with it, we were promptly reminded that a library exists to serve its community, and that what American communities want in the way of literature is fresh fiction. It is with some satisfaction, therefore, that we have read in a recent issue of the New York Times an essay in which the late John Cotton Dana made the point that many libraries are performing an unnecessary service with their enlarged fiction departments. It is an overlapping service, for the typical American home prefers, and gets, its fiction in magazine form. And so he suggested that librarians reduce their purchases of popular current fiction and divert the extra funds to (1) secure and promote circulation of "those few hundred novels which are generally accepted as the best"; and (2) purchase and develop interest in books of science, philosophy, politics, morality and religion. What Mr. Dana thus properly desired was that the public library should exploit fully its possibilities as an educational agent. We are afraid to indicate what the immediate response to his program would be, but we cannot see how a library which perseveres in it can fail to increase its ultimate effectiveness in the community it is meant to serve.

Advice to Librarians

WOMEN have been getting a good deal of advice lately. Mr. Henry Ford says that the female mind has no real place in the world of industry or mechanics; it is not enterprising or precise enough, and not fond enough of responsibility; it belongs in the home, where inventiveness and accuracy are not called for, and where the making of decisions is not often necessary. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, on the other hand, feels that there is at least a potential parity between the sexes in all fields of competition, and that it is imperfectly realized because of the mistaken emphasis, even today, upon the woman worker's mere womanhood; this, says Mrs. Willebrandt, operates to give artificial prominence alike to her successes and to her failures. Finally, Mr. Bertrand Russell bounds into our midst with the information that American civilization is over-feminized, that American women are over-romantic, and that the American family is disintegrating in consequence, since it is regarded primarily as the vehicle of sentimental compatibility and not as a child-rearing unit.

Speaking of Women

IT IS with some surprise that we find ourselves declaring for Mr. Russell. We regard him, generally speaking, as an arid and, in the moral sense, an inhuman philosopher; and, on the other hand, we would never undertake to match certitudes with Mr. Ford as to woman's absolute place. But a few facts do emerge as a constant in this situation, and Mr. Russell really has got hold of one of them. A home is a place where children are born and brought up. That is why, in our view, women belong there. We do not say that they belong nowhere else. We do not know whether they do or not. But we do know that, if they do not, it is not at all because they are unfitted for the high uses of industrial life. Their fitness for the mechanical field is admittedly more debatable. One feels that Mr. Ford must have got his generalizations on this subject at the same booth and counter where he found his famous obiter dicta on the reading of history. A little first-hand observation of typical men and women workers in industrial occupations would teach him which sex is generally more precise and more responsible, and would acquaint him with the fact that he encounters feminine initiative there so seldom, for one thing, because women are penalized, as women, for displaying it; while a day of keeping his eyes and ears

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

open in any typical home would cure him completely of the notion that decisions do not often have to be made there. As to Mrs. Willebrandt, we do honor to her disinterested ideal, but if she will consult Mr. Ford after he has made the intensive investigations we recommend above, she will know why we are sure that that ideal will never assume any considerable actuality. Women will never cease to be thought of as women. That is what makes the whole modern feminist situation so anomalous—and so fascinating.

Catholic Girl Scout Leaders

WE SECOND warmly the appeal made recently by the American Girl Scouts at the October meeting of the National Catholic Women's Council in Washington. Miss Alice Conway, regional director of the movement, asked that Catholic women turn their attention to its purposes and its needs, and associate themselves in larger numbers with its operating committees and its various local councils. The figure for national membership quoted by Miss Conway was 200,000—the same estimate as was made in our pages a few months ago by Miss Elsa Becker, in her article on Scouting. Of this number, about one-tenth are Catholic girls. There is no reason why the number of Catholic women in positions of leadership and influence should not be proportionately high. The general extension of the work depends upon the availability of the right kind of leaders, as Miss Conway pointed out; and the Catholic membership cannot but benefit by the explicit inclusion of the Catholic social outlook in its directing counsels. That they are implicitly quite in harmony was made clear by Miss Becker's fine definition of the Girl Scouts' play program: the teaching of "fun that is not subject to the possession of material things and is, to a certain extent, dependent upon the individual's own approach and spirit." We hope that, following the example of Mrs. Nicholas Brady, chairman of the Board of Directors, our Catholic women leaders will give their influence and their suggestions for development and direction where these are thus eagerly sought.

A German Poet Arrives

AFTER some hesitation, the immigration authorities have decided that Ernst Toller, the German poet and dramatist, may enter this country and look about for three months. Indeed, they could do nothing else. True, Herr Toller has spent five years in prison, but his offense was political, and moral turpitude could not be charged against him. His purpose in coming here was certainly legitimate: to arrange for the production of his books and plays, to establish a literary following on this side of the water. But we expect that he will soon be heard from in connection with other than literary affairs. After all, he is a radical socialist, and has the courage of his convictions. He will be deeply interested in the special character of labor in this country, and may not be able to refrain from making a few disparaging remarks. The American Federation of Labor, at least that part of it influenced by Mr. Woll, will not like it, and the poet will not like that section of the American Federation of Labor. On his return to Germany, we may expect an ill-natured play about Gastonia, or something equally reprehensible. The question rises as to whether the state should not be empowered to exclude a tourist who is unlikely to prove a comfortable visitor equally with the man whose past is discovered not to be free of moral turpitude.

Who's Who in Colombia

IN COLOMBIA a poet has been nominated for the Presidency, according to the Associated Press, and where others may be hesitant we hurry to attach a conspicuous value to the news. It would be most illogical to permit this event to sink into oblivion merely because Colombia's geographical identity is so vague, and the way to Bogota must be as darkly mysterious to us as the customs of Kamchatka or the precise location of Nishni-Novgorod. Of course we are all expected to know that Colombia has had a rather unusual history in modern times, that on one occasion it forced the United States to pay $25,000,000 through the nose. Great and noble deeds are to be expected in a nation capable of that. There can be no surprises in its history. Indeed it would now seem that more properly than any other place, Colombia might claim title as the natural and familiar breeding-ground of poetic justice. There an order of things for which men have always feared to hope comes into existence and has its full day.

Political Dilemma

POLITICS and justice rarely make a successful team. New York City is about to see in the Rothstein murder trial an example of how the two will work together. The accusation has been made by certain political candidates, on the basis, apparently, of more than suspicion, that criminals have been officially protected. In consequence, the district attorney, despite his belief that he has not sufficient evidence to convict, has decided to try for murder a man who the police themselves do not think is the actual killer. It is as improper as it is typical of metropolitan elections that campaigns should pivot around so irrelevant an issue as the murder of a gambler. But mud-slinging still persists as the American politician's favorite electioneering sport. In this particular instance, the Walker administration, which is on the defensive, is in no happy position. If George McManus, the accused, is guilty and can be judged guilty, why was he not tried before? And if further time was needed to secure evidence of his guilt, why has the district attorney been moved by political considerations to act prematurely? From the horns of this dilemma there is no escape for either the district attorney or Mr. Walker, who is responsible for his official. Major

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

La Guardia, the Republican candidate and the one chiefly responsible for the dilemma's posing, can add heavily to his score. And the other mayoralty candidates can also be expected to make the utmost out of the material which has been so providentially offered them by this legal opportunity.

Jim Crow Religions

THE first annual meeting of the Protestant Episcopal bishops of the United States was presented with the delicate problem of making some answer to the many protests against the Jim Crow rectorate of the Reverend William Blackshear of Brooklyn, and met it by stating that "the question of expelling Negro members from his congregation is one concerning himself alone." It is an answer which proves nothing except that the Brooklyn rector has "in no manner violated the canons of conduct governing his official action." And thus it avoids the whole point at issue. For the question is not whether Mr. Blackshear was within his rights as a rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church; it is whether he was within his faith as a Christian. It becomes very really a question concerning, not the Reverend William Blackshear alone, nor the bishops alone, but everyone who is interested in seeing men live together in tolerance and mutual good-will. We recognize the fact that within the rank and file of the Church there is perhaps as large a percentage of prejudice toward the Negro as anywhere else, and this we deplore; but we also know that no Catholic priest would dream of duplicating Mr. Blackshear's stand, or if he did duplicate it, we cannot imagine his superiors finding it a question "for himself alone." That is because the Church realizes as one of its duties the dispersal of such nonsense, and will not ignore it.

BLOODY BILL BARNES

THIS autumn the publishers are again offering us many biographies in the "new" fashion, "written with all the grace of fiction"—lives of great and near great men of letters, politicians, actresses and villains —take your choice. In place of the telltale Life and Letters, most of them have extra fancy titles, meant to give them the display appeal of novels, and it is only by reading the descriptive note that one discovers their secret. We have looked into some of these and found them counterfeit in the sense that they are blithely sure in their estimates and judgments without managing to impart anything like the same certainty to the reader. What there is to recommend them we know not, unless it is an abundance of what the reviewers have been calling "gusto." Their authors are not usually men of standing in scholarship or criticism, but bright enough fellows, nevertheless, who write uniformly well, have a knack for telling a story, and who have picked this avenue to a literary career as quicker, more profitable and on the whole pleasanter than the job on a newspaper which their parents and teachers advised them to secure.

The formula is rather simple. You find a subject, preferably a man who was very fond of eating and drinking. You describe at length those evenings on which his appetite for ripe goose resulted in acute indigestion, and you tell what came of his stomach troubles. You devote a chapter to each of the several occasions on which his six stout serving men carried him to bed. To his business you pay as little attention as possible. Unless his favorite authors are Petronius and Boccaccio you say nothing of his reading. You discover an obsession, because that is the easiest way to give his life a pattern. Then you let him go to make a really magnificent fool of himself to the extent of some 300 pages.

This is what the new biography has come to, and it is manifestly unfair to make Mr. Lytton Strachey responsible for so unlike an offspring. For advertising purposes, it insists upon a relationship with him, but it must irk the great man no end to have this bastard call him father. The importance of Mr. Strachey's work is beyond question. He gives reality to whatever he may touch. Rightly or wrongly, we feel that we know his eminent Victorians about as well as their intimates did, and much better than if he had not written about them. We are convinced that he has made known to us the real Queen Victoria. His success was flattering enough to encourage a whole multitude to emulate him. It looked easy enough. Some of his gifts are widely distributed. Thousands of men can write a good phrase, and thousands can transmute a dull record into a lively story. But no one in our time has equally with him the gift of divining a state of mind in a word, a gesture, not by comparing and reflecting upon similar words and gestures in the life of his subject, but by recreating the very moment in which the word was written, the gesture made, thereby permitting us to substitute ourselves for the subject, and to feel that what is being said about him is truly said. It is a gift not so easy to imitate.

But without it there is no value in the new biography. Without it, we should much prefer that an author write his life of that incorrigible poet, Leonard MacTavish, or that benevolent bandit, Bloody Bill Barnes, in the old honest fashion. "On April 1, 1900, he first saw the light of day, and on April 8 he was baptized, being given the name of Leonard (William) in honor of his father, an ironmonger, who had it in turn from his grandfather, also an ironmonger, who had first brought the name, and the craft, from Pennsylvania, whither he had arrived as a boy from Glasgow, Scotland, in 1820, to Detroit, in Michigan Territory in 1832." It was a very dull sort of writing, guaranteed to exhaust any reader who had to follow its tortuous course through two fat volumes. But it had its virtues: of solidity, of unpretence. From it we fled at the first opportunity, but the time comes now when we must return to it, all prodigally penitent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THINKING AND TRADITION

CHILDREN have, we confess, a disturbing habit of piling up questions until you are faced with the necessity of appealing to a first principle. We are all able to supply a fairly lucid explanation of why a little boy should refrain from jumping out of the window; but concerning the causes of the injury here implied, and of the general unfriendliness of the law of gravity, we are at sea with an audience which does not patronize works of reference. Now to what extent ought this inquisitiveness be carried? One notices that President Lowell, addressing the freshmen of Harvard College, let it be known that they were expected to think rather than to learn. Here is a favorite modern educational trick. When the young mind comes on the scene, eager for knowledge, it is informed that no amount of acquisition will do—that something like intelligent reflection is the only course on the menu. And yet the experienced realize full well that thinking per se will never do anybody any good. Its sole value lies in the circumstance that it is an incentive to digging deeper. Ultimately one gets below the ground to a place where even candles will not burn. And there, of course, you can sit until doomsday, thinking and thinking and thinking. You may become a more than usually abstruse philosopher. Or you may give it up and play golf. At all events, the candles will be arranged neatly for your burial, and there you are.

Normally speaking, mature human beings are too busy for much thinking. They permit specialists to do it for them, and oftener than not clutch not at the processes of the guide (which are frequently interesting and sometimes valuable) but at his more or less random ejaculations. Darwin found out a great deal about the habits of the smaller fry in the animal kingdom. All this is Greek to the overwhelming majority of us, however, while a hasty and really somewhat petulant remark about "the survival of the fittest" has caused a rumpus even in Tennessee. And it may be well to add that our rather thoughtless regard for thought may be any number of things, but that it is certainly not Greek. In Mr. F. R. Earp's stimulating book, The Way of the Greeks (published recently by the Oxford University Press) we are definitely informed: "There are many moderns whose code of morals rests in fact on tradition, usually the tradition of a class. But if called on to justify his conduct a man would usually, in some vague way at least, endeavor to produce some general principle. He would feel that tradition or custom alone was scarcely enough. An ancient Greek, however, knew and desired nothing higher than custom; to him this needed no higher sanction; it was the ultimate tribunal." And as in ethics, so in many other matters. The value of Aristotle's doctrine may be said to lie in the number of things it has culled, discerningly of course, from the writings of other men.

Like all of the civilizations which stood in immediate contact with the primitive world, Greek culture had a very deep respect for foundations. Long before Matthew Aronld, it seems to have clung to affection for the "best that has been known and thought in the world"; and it did not mind being termed old-fashioned if it could be reasonably sure it was right. Mr. Chesterton would say that a Greek was committed to seeing something grand in a grandfather.

Of course the Hellenes at their best understood this relationship with tradition perfectly. They accepted custom not as a dead stump but as a living root out of which growth might proceed. Even though the death of Socrates was necessary so that this truth might become quite clear to a large number, the shining light of Attic intelligence never acceded to any other view. It was as much opposed to mere routine as it was to the procedure of the Sophists, for whom all intellectual gardening was simply a matter of sceptical argument—a kind of annual setting out of trees which they destroyed again once the season was over. Socrates was both the great innovator and the great conservative, even as life itself is. In a fashion incomparably more sublime, the Saviour dealt with the tradition of His own people. He made it evident that custom had become, for a myriad scribes, hardly more than an ossified forest in which the soul itself could change to stone. And yet He found all the roots infinitely precious, and nursed with infinite care the prophetic sap which had coursed through Israel's soul. Once again He proved organic that which had been in real danger of being mistaken for a tomb; and so that His authority to do this might never be doubted, He set the victory of His transmutation of death into life, as a seal for all.

In more ways than one, Catholic Christianity is the heritor of the method of Socrates as well as of the Divine method of Christ. It has absorbed with gratitude the power of the Greek "just man" to assimilate without fatuity the moral and scientific accumulations of antiquity. Even while it regarded as its most important task the custodianship of a grace which He had promised should never fail, it nursed with marvelous patience, in a thousand scholarly closes, the plants of human wisdom. Today it may confidently hope that culture will never supplant the Socratic attitude, that the shrubs of the Sophists will wither in their day, and that the age-old coördination it has cherished between its own spiritual source and the origins of civilization will endure. Nor can it well be credited, in our time, that continued exploration of the long way the race has gone will end suddenly in a place where the human becomes inhuman, or the authority of custom a purely mechanical law. No tree has ever yet sprung mysteriously out of rock. And though the flower of man is placed in an earth which its tendrils have stirred for more years than we can ever know, the beginning of it was clearly some mysterious, ecstatic seed flung joyfully by the Sower's hand in the morning.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SENATE LOOKS AT UNEMPLOYMENT

II. IMPORTANT FACTS WHICH IT FAILED TO SEE

By JOHN A. RYAN

Last week Father Ryan analyzed the findings of the Senate committee appointed to investigate the causes of unemployment. In the following paper he considers those aspects of the problem which appear especially baffling. The outlook, he says, "would not be so discouraging" if we could assume that technological advances had been halted in industry. Likewise menacing is the spectre of eventual overproduction. The article raises serious social questions; and regardless of one's attitude toward them, there are economists in the country who will not allow their solution to be neglected.—The Editors.

IT IS a curious irony that the Committee failed utterly to suggest any specific method for dealing with the precise kind of unemployment which provoked its appointment. The Committee observes correctly that "the causes or the types of unemployment might be divided into three classes: cyclical, seasonal and technological." The outstanding remedy for the first type is, of course, the "prosperity reserve"; for the second, stabilization; but neither of these touches the third type. To it the Committee devotes only two or three short paragraphs and in these it exhibits no adequate comprehension of the phenomenon:

> Technological unemployment covers that vast field where, through one device or another and chiefly through a machine supplanting a human, skilled workers have found that their trade no longer exists and that their skill is no longer needed.

As a matter of fact, the skilled workers who are displaced by new and improved machinery and other forms of efficiency merely constitute a spectacular form of the evil. They are probably a small proportion of the total number of workers who are thrown out of employment by mechanical and technical progress.

Only one member of the Committee, Senator Tyson of Tennessee, showed that he had envisaged the problem. Here are the terms in which he formulated it while the Committee was listening to Henry S. Dennison:

> Assuming that the present hours of labor were to continue and full-time employment given to everybody, don't you think that the country would be overstocked in a very short time? . . . The pig-iron industry is now depressed very badly. The textile business is very badly depressed. The coal business is very badly depressed. The woolen business is very badly depressed. Everybody knows that there is overproduction. Now, then, how are you going to remedy that—by continuing to produce?

Although Mr. Dennison is one of the most enlightened, humane and progressive employers in the United States, his answer to these questions was wholly inadequate. It amounted simply to an act of faith that since the men displaced by machines in years gone by had always found other employment eventually, the same thing will presumably happen in the present situation. At a later hearing Senator Tyson returned to this subject, saying:

> If we are to keep taking people into our industry and keep them employed we shall have to employ them for shorter periods each day. . . . I believe if we had seventy hours of work each week as we had several generations ago and people worked every day with the present amount of machinery, we would have 10,000,000 out of work instead of 4,000,000, because with the machine process individuals have become much more efficient than they ever were before.

Among the other witnesses at the hearings, only President Green of the American Federation of Labor, Mr. Sam A. Lewisohn and Professor John R. Commons had anything to say about technological unemployment. None of them professed to be able to offer a remedy, except Mr. Lewisohn, who mentioned stabilization and public labor exchanges. Obviously both these suggestions are futile. Professor Commons cited a striking example of displacement of men by machines in the clothing trade. One firm was able to reduce its force of cutters from 600 to 250. Of the 350 thus rendered superfluous, 200 quit voluntarily and the remaining 150 received from the unemployment insurance fund of the industry $500 each as a sort of "separation allowance." It is probable that no system of voluntary unemployment insurance could take care of all the displaced workers at such a cost. Moreover, an allowance of $500 is often an insufficient provision for a man who may find employment only after several months, and then perhaps at a considerably lower rate of pay.

Recent Economic Changes, which is the title of the report of the Committee appointed and headed by Mr. Hoover to study that subject, gives considerable attention to this new kind of unemployment. It states:

> Unemployment can arise as a result of industrial efficiency as well as inefficiency. In the latter case we have seasonal or intermittent unemployment; in the former case, what has come to be known as "technological unemployment" resulting from the introduction of new machinery and processes. . . . This is a serious aspect of unemployment.

Following are some of the striking indications of the vast increase which has taken place in productive efficiency since the year 1919: the average per capita production in all industries increased 39 percent between

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1919 and 1925; the per capita increase in factories was 25 percent between 1920 and 1927; but the number of workers in the factories was 1,250,000 less in 1928 than in 1923, while the number employed on railroads decreased 150,000. According to the Industrial Review of the Year (July, 1928—July, 1929) issued by the Federal Council of Churches, "there were 2,300,000 fewer persons employed in farming, manufacturing, railroading and mining in 1928 than in 1920." About a year and a half ago, the New York Journal of Commerce declared:

> We are so accustomed to associate unemployment with prostrate industry, closed factories and universal profound depression that it is hard to revise our ideas and grasp the fact that we must also grapple with an unemployment problem that is the direct outcome of prosperity.

The association of prosperity with great unemployment and the responsibility of the former for the latter, are no longer doubted by competent students. One might indeed raise the question whether such a condition can properly be called "prosperity." An affirmative answer would seem to be justified if the term be defined as a condition of industry in which the total production is above the average of any preceding period, and in which the incomes of a very large proportion of the wage earners are likewise above preceding averages.

"There is nothing new about these problems," says the report on Recent Economic Changes. This is an indubitable fact. The substitution of machines for men and the displacement of workers by improved productive processes has been going on steadily since the beginning of the industrial revolution. Not the problem itself of finding employment for the disemployed, but the magnitude of it is the thing that is new. As shown by the figures quoted above, the process of substitution and displacement has been considerably more rapid in recent years than in any former period. Hence the necessity of what the report calls "an accelerated rate of readjustment." Up to the present the rate has not been adequately "accelerated." In spite of the new occupations that have arisen, mostly as an incident of the general process of invention and mechanization, in hotels, garages, moving picture houses, advertising, selling, bootlegging, road construction, and in factories turning out automobiles, radios, phonographs, electric supplies, silk goods, cigarettes, et cetera, unemployment has increased and the average worker has been more than ever out of work. An investigation recently made by the Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institution revealed the fact that the newer industries are not absorbing the jobless as fast as is usually believed. Some 800 displaced workers were studied in three industrial centres. More than one-half of those who succeeded in finding new jobs had been idle for more than three months, while of those still unemployed, about one-half had been out of work for the same length of time. After a rapid survey of the situation, Stuart Chase, in his recent book, Men and Machines, puts down this summary judgment:

> I am seriously afraid that accelerating unemployment is here; that the park bench is destined to grow longer. The advertisers may be able to stimulate new wants that will take care of some of the displaced men, but who is to stimulate the purchasing power that will absorb the commodities new and old?

The outlook would not be so discouraging if we could be certain that the invention of new machines and improved methods would soon come to an end or suffer a considerable slowing down. But there are no definite grounds upon which to base any such expectation. Indeed, some authorities think that these improvements will increase rather than decrease. Writing at the beginning of the present year, Dr. William Leiserson forecast the promise of the American industry to its wage earners throughout 1929 in this sentence:

> Those who are employed shall earn more than ever before; but fewer shall be called to work and more shall be unemployed.

There is much evidence to show that this prediction has been in steady process of fulfillment during the present year and there are not a few indications that it will continue to be fulfilled for a considerable period after January 1, 1930. Dr. Leiserson gives the reason why employers permit high wages to coexist with large numbers of men out of work. They have discovered

> that it is cheaper to pay higher wages to a smaller number of efficient workers than lower wages to a larger number of less efficient. Industry is therefore concentrating its work in the hands of a smaller number of employees. The younger, the more accurate and capable, workers are taught and stimulated by incentive wage payment plans to produce and to earn more, while the older, the slower, and the less efficient workers are weeded out to swell the ranks of the unemployed.

In view of the magnitude and persistence of this new kind of unemployment, it might well be called "chronic." This word has not, indeed, the scientific implications of "technological," but it has a much greater practical value. "Technological" tends to "take the curse off" the evil condition which it describes; "chronic" is much more suggestive and much more likely to convey the thought that "something ought to be done about it."

How great is the number of those unemployed at present? No one knows. No one is in possession of facts which would justify any estimate that would rise above the dignity of a guess. However, there is no law against guessing. Therefore, I would put the number at about 3,000,000. Whether the approximately correct number is 3,000,000 or 2,000,000, which was the estimate of a well-informed business man, it is sufficiently great to form a very urgent problem.

The fundamental cause of the evil is, of course, our old friend "overproduction," or, more precisely speak-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, a general and constant capacity for overproduction. It is most pronounced in agriculture, coal mining, textiles, the boot and shoe industries and is becoming rather pronounced in the building trades. It is manifested not only by idle men and idle productive instruments but in the greatly increased costs of selling goods, in the prevalence of "high-power salesmanship" and in the enormous outlay for advertising. Perhaps the last-mentioned phenomenon is the most conspicuous indication. The proper end of advertising is to supply information, but probably not more than 10 percent of the "information" currently thrust upon the public is genuine. By far the greater part represents an attempt to persuade the consumers that Brown's product is better than that of Jones. Most of the real information that purchasers need could be obtained from a classified telephone directory, from the classified notices in the newspapers and from trade journals. Another large part of advertising is intended to arouse in the minds of the public a consciousness of needs that they do not now feel. This statement is not to be construed as a condemnation of all that sort of advertising, but merely to emphasize the fact that goods cannot be sold as fast as they can be produced. Hence we have a vast overcapacity to produce and a constant danger that this capacity will be converted into action. The other and more disagreeable side of the picture is widespread idleness of both machines and men.

To be sure, traditional and theoretical economics assures us that general overproduction is impossible. A supply of any kind of goods, we are told, is a demand for other goods. Insofar as that formula is true, it has no practical meaning; insofar as it means anything practical, it is untrue. Every supply of goods, is, of course a *potential* demand. It constitutes a power to call for some other kind of goods. But it is not necessarily an actual demand for any kind of goods now existing. For example, the owner of a textile mill does not care to exchange his surplus product for the surplus produced by a farmer. The latter may, indeed, want more clothing, but the former does not want more food. Possibly, he would like to exchange his surplus for a high-priced automobile, but the producer of the automobile does not want more textile goods. Similar statements can truthfully be made concerning the producers of surplus coal and shoes and a great many other products that are turned out faster than they can be sold. When two persons have a surplus of goods on their hands, only one may desire the products of the other, or neither may desire what the other has to offer. This situation may be general throughout the greater part of industry. All of those having an excess do, indeed, possess the power to obtain some of the other surplus products, but not all desire these surpluses, while those persons who feel a desire for the excessive stocks are without the purchasing power. Owing to this divorce between the desire and the power to consume, it is quite possible that surpluses may exist simultaneously in most of the great industries.

At the present time and during the recent past, the excess has taken the form of productive capacity rather than stocks of goods. But the effect upon employment differs only in degree between the one case and the other. Recent Economic Changes suggests an eventual remedy. "Wants are almost insatiable; there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied." As a general proposition, this is true. Without any change in the present distribution of consuming power, all the workers might find employment supplying actual and potential wants if only the latter and the means of supplying them could be developed fast enough. Twenty-five years ago the automobile was generally unknown. Since then, hundreds of thousands of workers have found the means of a livelihood in this industry. To be sure, a great part of the purchasing power expended upon this commodity would have been exchanged for other goods if the automobile had not been invented; nevertheless, a great part of the money would not have been spent at all, since its possessors did not desire any other kind of actually known goods. If other inventions as appealing as the automobile should appear next year, undoubtedly they would attract sufficient actual purchasing power to put all idle men and women to work. Of course, these hypothetical commodities would fall under the head of luxuries. Scales of wages need not rise; the total purchasing power in the hands of the working classes need not increase except with the increasing employment; all the workers would be employed in making goods to supply the new wants which had been developed in the possessors of surplus consuming power, that is, the rich and the well-to-do.

However, this picture has two vital defects. In the first place, it is quite unlikely that the requisite new commodities will be invented. More fundamental is the objection that this would be an undesirable kind of industrial society. The people of our age, even the wealthy, would not be benefited by new luxuries, and the masses ought not to be required to provide superfluous goods for the few, while they themselves are unable to obtain a reasonable amount of necessaries and comforts.

Summer Cabin

Through a crevice in the wall
Summer squeezes into fall.
The brittle wind anoints the trees
With strong embalming treacheries.
Dry and broken lies the ground
Fingering little sheaves of sound—
Tiny futile wastes of straw
For winter mice of snow to gnaw.
Through a crack I read the stir
Like a thin barometer:
The sediment of summer lies
Sunken under liquid skies.

CHARLES A. WAGNER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLAUDEL'S PLAY OF PARADOX

By KATHERINE BRÉGY

MASTERFUL at once and conciliating as M. Claudel has proved in his diplomatic intercourse, he has as an artist been singularly uncompromising. It is not merely that he has never humored his age—that he has contrived, in the paradox of his word and thought, to be both "modernist" and "fundamentalist," or (which may be another way of saying the same thing) both realist and idealist. His very subject-matter has been from the first a challenge. And nowhere is it more controversial than in that heart-searching drama of post-revolutionary France, L'Hôtage. There, of course, the hostage given and never redeemed is a woman: Sygne de Coufontaine offered up to martyrdom by way of marriage—not a new situation, but boldly and pitilessly revealed—that other people may be comfortable. Her union with the low-born revolutionist Turelure means the blending of exquisiteness with brutality, of devotion with infidelity, but also of the old with the new, of civilization with vulgarity.

Quite evidently M. Claudel was fascinated by the unsolved and perhaps humanly insoluble problem of these people, for he followed it in Le Pain Dur through the troubled story of the son in whom the worst of both strains seems to prevail—Louis, the time-serving aristocrat and nominal Catholic, who sells the historic crucifix of his mother, who compasses his father's death, and in the end, to insure his patrimony, weds that father's mistress, the Jewess Sichel.

More recently M. Claudel has carried the story into still another generation, giving us, in Le Père Humilié, a tense study of Rome during the fall of the temporal power. The drama—still untranslated and curiously little known to English readers—shows the surviving Louis, Count of Coufontaine, now a professional diplomat serving as French ambassador in the Eternal City during the momentous 1870's. And the play opens with a scene in which Sichel discovers the love of their daughter Pensée—radiant but blind—for Orian, nephew of Pius IX. It is a unique scene, with the girl's ecstatic reverie upon the world's manifold voices revealed to her through touch, through smell, through hearing, known "by heart rather than by sight"; her shy but unshakable certainty that while the man has as yet shown no sign, he "will come to think of her"; her final avowal that without him she must walk as one forever lost through the universe.

A reception is in progress at the home of a Polish prince resident in Rome, and it is just after a duel of wits in which all the seething currents which crossed during these fateful months play before us, that the lovers are brought together in the old moonlit garden. Orian, who does not yet know of Pensée's blindness, has promised to plead the cause of his brother Orso—his success being the traditional one of John Alden, or for that matter of Tristram! Not easily does he capitulate to the bewitching girl who candidly betrays her own capitulation of heart if not of head. For he dreams of himself as a modern Parsifal, a virgin knight of the Papacy in its hour of need, daring to sacrifice the human joy of love for the superhuman joy of light. "Does it exist, Orian?" asks Pensée of this starlike and ethereal ideal. And the hopes of centuries are summed up in his wistful reply: "Must it not exist, since I seek it even before *you?*"

Pensée is skilful in pleading the cause which is all of life to her—the cause of youth, and of the heart, and of the freedom for which she has seen fighting ever since she came into the world. It is not only the duel of conservative and radical between them, it is the duel of the man who doubts and the woman who is certain of their destiny. And the Jewess triumphs, like Shaw's symbolic Ann, by a moment of seeming weakness. Suddenly comes her revelation to Orian, whose own eyes are at last open—*"I am blind!"*

The second act, taking place in an ancient monastery outside of Rome, opens with a highly paradoxical and Claudelian scene between the aged Pope and the youthful Franciscan confessor who has just given him absolution, and who would lift the heavy burden of grief and responsibility from His Holiness by the leaven of simple spiritual joy and seemingly impractical indifference. Not in the least can the venerable Pontiff understand why his sons have risen up to cast him out—why they will have none of the peace he would live or die to give them—why the old paternal order in Italy must so violently change. Not in the least can the friar comprehend why he does not rejoice that Saint Francis has obtained once again the gifts of poverty and banishment for the Vicar of Christ!

But as the stricken Pope—le Père Humilié in all truth—listens to the counsel of the young ex-shepherd, his nephews Orso and Orian draw near. The two brothers, who are as different as Mercutio and Hamlet, adore each other, and each has come to beseech His Holiness that the other be commanded to wed Pensée de Coufontaine. Each admits his utter devotion to the blind girl; neither, with splendid youthful insouciance, is in the least deterred by her Jewish and revolutionary blood (not, it would seem, entirely tempered by baptism!) nor by her blindness, nor by her wealth, nor by any wise generality of the wise old Pope. And when Pius reminds them that marriage is "not pleasure but rather the sacrifice of pleasure," that it calls for as much reflection as the founding of a city, Orso, the man of action, replies brusquely that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if one stopped long to reflect there would be few marriages and few cities in the world! He is not even discouraged by the fact that the girl obviously does not love him, since he believes one may win all things "by patience and gentleness and sympathy and a little authority and tact." But he is determined not to take this strange prize from his brother. And Orian, for his part, is determined to forswear it. More complex than Orso, he fears the union for a double reason: knowing that he loves too much (also, as the far-seeing Pope prophesies pitifully, it is too little!) and that this love will absorb his whole life into itself—that instead of bringing his light to Pensée he will sink into her darkness.

So it is decided that Orso, to whose work romance will be no hindrance, shall wed the girl, while Orian shall consecrate himself more and more intensely to the Pope's mission of restoring faith—"joy," they both call it—to a ravaged world. It is decided: and even Pensée seems to have accepted the decree, since she is the acknowledged fiancée of Orso when we next meet the brothers out among the ruins of the Palatine in that fateful September of 1870. The papal forces have been vanquished; the Piedmontese have entered Rome; both brothers are going out to face other battles, in one of which Orian foresees his own mortal wound. It is because of this premonition that he consents to the farewell for which Pensée has pleaded—and which he, with the fear and the cruelty of love denied, has up to now refused.

So presently they are together again, arguing as usual; the young crusader with the proud sophistries he fancies are self-sacrifice, the blind girl with her simple, surpassing need of him. Then she is in his arms—and he, with death so close, can no longer deny the love which is closer still. "Do you remember what I promised you, so long ago that I cannot tell when, that secret which was between us before our birth?" he whispers. . . . As if poor Pensée has ever remembered anything else! And her own cry is the perennial one of all waiting hearts: "He loves me—I believe in God." Through all that sublime yet passionately human colloquy she is almost grateful to the stalking shadow of mortality which has brought him back to her and to reality; while he, idealist and egoist too, looks forward to the eternity which alone seems great enough to contain his love.

The final scene of the drama, five months later, is short and swift and shaken by a terrible beauty. Pensée and her mother are together in their Roman palace, listening to the Angelus bells which the girl loves better than the voices of men and women. She has her own secret now, too bitter and too sweet for words. For there has been one last desperate and vertiginous meeting before Orian set out for the wars—and he, strong enough to forswear marriage, has not been strong enough to forswear love. So the blind girl sits dreaming now of the promised motherhood which is her heritage from that past hour; looking into a future ominous, indeed, since no word in all these months has come from her lover. Sichel, the subtle, knows ways of secrecy, and would hide the child from a world in which it has no place. But Pensée is far truer to a race whose women have immemorially found their meaning in motherhood. "Are you ashamed of me?" she demands, facing intrepidly the paradox of her life. "There is no one in all the world prouder than I am myself!"

Presently Orso the soldier enters, strangely; and then reveals with halting heartbreak his brother's death in battle. He brings Orian's dying plea to Pensée for pardon: and concealed in a huge basketful of flowers, he has brought the youth's poor severed head for burial. Pensée, whose veiled eyes seem to have foreseen the tragedy, kneels down with agonized abandon to embrace all that remains of her beloved: for how, she asks, shall death bring any horror of Orian her husband? But Orso warns her that it is no longer through any avenue of sense she may reach out to him. "It is I who gave him that incurable wound—because of me he is dead," she cries in her anguish; but also, as vision leaps beyond—"That liberty which he loved more than life, it is his at last. That light toward which he reached, he has attained . . . that Father Whose son he was!"

Little by little Paul Claudel is clothing this creature of passion with the heroism of which his women have so often walked as symbols. And when she listens to the further command of the dead, that she live on for the sake of their expected child, she answers simply, "Shall I, who create life, not have the courage to accept it?" But the supreme test is in Orian's final message, that for the sake of this child she shall marry Orso in his place. To him, the wounded Mercutio, personal pleasure and preference—his own or Pensée's—have no longer any meaning. He will wed, but Orian's wife shall be as his sister.

So, it is solved—the tangled problem of these proud children of the humbled Pope. They would have none of his wisdom, but they have achieved their own through destiny and through love. Nowhere, perhaps, in recent literature have the sheer depths and heights of human passion been plumbed more poignantly than in another of the Claudel dramas, where the dying Mesa of Partage de Midi cries out to his God: "I know now what love is. And I know what You have endured upon the Cross and in Your Heart, if You have loved each one of us—terribly—as I have loved this woman." Pensée is groping toward the same revelation when we leave her musing: "It is hard for one who loves to do all that love demands." And on this note M. Claudel closes his tragic trilogy.

Nothing in life is, after all, more interesting than its contrasts, its seeming contradictions—in a word, its paradox. "As easy as lying, because it is lying," declares somewhere its past master, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. But what if it should be as difficult as truth-telling—just because it *is* the truth?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT HAVE THE FAITHFUL SUNG?

By KARL SCHAEZLER

Few articles published in The Commonweal have evoked so much controversy as that which Mr. Cuthbert Wright entitled, What Shall the Faithful Sing? We therefore sensed the value of an authoritative commentary on what has been done for ecclesiastical music in Europe. Dr. Schaezler, author of a review of modern music in France and Germany, published in our issue of July 3, 1929, is eminently well fitted to discuss the situation with relative impartiality. It goes without saying that we shall welcome the expression of readers' views, whether in dissent or agreement.—The Editors.

THROUGHOUT the nineteenth century cultural activities in both France and Germany remained under the spell of philosophic idealism. It would have been phenomenal if this had left no imprint upon the arts. The chief danger of the idealistic point of view lay, generally speaking, in the subjectivism to which idealists often surrender, swiftly and completely. And subjectivism was, indeed, the stigma which attached to the artistic development of the century. The way in which the immediate past has sought to liberate itself from this blight in the realm of music was set forth in my previous article in The Commonweal. The following paper deals with the trend of events in a sphere diametrically opposed to subjectivism and to the secularization of man's conception of the world. Though the development here was necessarily quite individual, the very differences between sacred and profane music help one to understand better the history of both.

By the middle of the century, church music had grown dangerously worldly in both France and Germany. The blame attaches above all to the prevalent "spirit of enlightenment," and so to the attitude of estrangement from the truly supernatural which characterized many among the faithful. This spirit found expression in a style of music alien to the Church and based ultimately upon foundations beyond the realm of melody. It is true that one danger, seemingly pure-musical, loomed up as the result of the adoption of instrumental music in the churches (in connection with which it is interesting to note that Richard Wagner called the introduction of orchestral music the first step in the decline of church music); because this tended, on the one hand, to give melody a position of aesthetic mastery rather than of subservience to the liturgy, and on the other hand catered to subjectivism by its use of "descriptive" and emotional music. From the first incompatibility the Viennese classical masters, primarily Joseph Haydn, did not keep themselves free; to the second the romantics, even men so genuinely pious and sympathetic with the Church as Franz Liszt and César Franck, fell victims. Here, of course, one sees again the influence of the time spirit upon music and indeed (as I have observed previously) the basic connection between musical romanticism in particular with philosophic idealism and subjectivism. In so far as this music strives to become plastic, when it may really be no more than a symbol for men who gaze as in a glass darkly, it manifests an improper attitude toward the Catholic worship of God; and in so far as it seeks to efface the boundaries between the arts as autonomous realms of values, it implies a relatively un-Catholic conception of the objective world in itself.

In 1868 the abortive aspects of romantic church music had not yet reached the proportions they would later assume, but that year a movement of opposition was organized in Germany as the Caecilienverein. This was followed, though not until 1894, by the establishment in France of the Schola Cantorum for much the same purposes. Seeking to drive out what was inappropriate with what had been proved commendable, the Caecilians went back to Gregorian chant and to polyphonic music, especially Palestrina's. Because this implied a polemically-minded turning from contemporary to historic art, the danger of one-sidedness, of historicism, was imminent. Here lay, in fact, the critical point in the whole movement; and round it many and unpleasant conflicts raged during later years. Many leaders of the society adopted a stand in this combat which is no longer endorsed by prominent Caecilians in our time. Meanwhile, however, reflective critics even of the opposition could not deny either the absolute musical value of the chant and of polyphony, or their especial liturgical appropriateness.

As is well known, the Benedictines of the French abbey of Solesmes had, during the sixties, gained international credit for their work in studying and cultivating Gregorian music. Admittedly the Benedictines have always and everywhere advocated the cause of liturgical worship with distinctive fervor; and in Germany the two abbeys of Beuron and Maria-Laach are the citadels of liturgy and chant. The last-named form has recently, as a result of the tendency in music as a whole to prize more highly horizontal structure through the melodic line than vertical structure through harmony, gained the recognition it deserves also from profane composers, some of them remote from the Church. When we see that it has frequently been utilized in art music by modern writers, Max Reger and Richard Strauss among them, we have the best possible proof that the vitality of the chant had endured well beyond the thousand years of its history. But though it is more widely in use than it was a hundred years ago, the chant is still employed only sporadically. Munich, one of the cities having the largest number of practising Catholics in the German-speaking world, can boast of only two churches in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which the chant may be heard regularly and with pleasure. In other cities, notably in south Germany where the baroque style has exerted lasting influence upon all forms of ecclesiastical art activity, the situation is quite the same. Only sections of the Catholic youth movement have worked for consequent reform also in this instance.

While the chant is literally intertwined (stylistically speaking) with the liturgy, the old polyphony represents a much more independent art form. Its spirit cannot be described better than with these words of Walter Harburger, himself a meritorious composer of church music:

> Counterpoint and polyphony were born out of mediaeval man's experience of the organic and the superorganic; and for him the Church was the "organization" of all men in the body of Christ, the community of the faithful.

Because it is founded upon acceptance of this view of life, because its loftiness transcends and sublimates the world of sense, polyphonic music is also adapted in a very particular manner to use at Catholic worship, even though by its very nature—which is a distended musical structure—it often clouds the text more than instrumental music does. The revival of old polyphony met with a much more enthusiastic response than did Gregorian chant, and there are many churches whose choirs cultivate the strict, classical a capella style in an exemplary way. Here again the Church's ideal of music may be said to coincide with a tendency evident in the musical world as a whole: today we are once more harboring a preference for the older polyphony—though it is true that the choice favors the style of Bach rather than the style of Palestrina—and the attempts to create a new polyphony, discussed in my previous paper, hail from this source. Thus there has been affirmed once more the declaration that the timeless, as the Church conceives of that, is also always contemporary.

Since it is a historical, even if a very happy, realization of this musical ideal, the Palestrina style itself cannot, however, escape being bound up with the time in which it originated; and so one cannot upbraid or oppose the new age for seeking to fashion, with greater or lesser dependence upon the old forms, its own church music. The words of Pope Pius X in the Motu Proprio regarding Catholic music are clear:

> The Church has always recognized and favored progress in the arts, in that she welcomed to a share in divine worship all good and beautiful achievements of genius throughout the centuries, in so far as they were compatible with liturgical rule.

If one conceded to Catholicism no power to foster ecclesiastical music in a spirit both new and orthodox, one would, indeed, be pronouncing its creative religious energy dead. The Caecilienverein and the Schola Cantorum therefore sponsored the creation of a worthy modern church music as one of their goals, and met with some commendable successes. It must suffice to enumerate the following names, since none is, perhaps, well known in America: Joseph Rheinberger, the Munich teacher of a first-rate school of profane composers, who is himself no Caecilian and has most unjustly been neglected by this group; Michael Haller, Peter Griesbacher and Joseph Renner, all teachers at the famous Regensburg school for church music. Their works have earned recognition and even popularity in their own countries. Yet we need hardly be surprised at finding that these men, as living exponents of their time, seek to master more and more completely the musical conquests of the modern age in so far as these are found compatible with the aims of divine worship. How could a positively defined boundary line be drawn here, on the other side of which melody unpermissible in the Church would lie? Subjective sincerity even cannot be accepted as a satisfactory criterion—for who can doubt that Beethoven in his Missa Solemnis, or Berlioz in his Requiem, or even Haydn in the most elaborate of his coloratura Masses, was earnestly religious to the deepest fibre of his being? And we have need of a sufficient measure of that objective religious sense of the unity of all reality which a corporate worship of God, such as Catholic liturgy essentially is, invariably requires. One can determine if this is present in individual instances only by examining them separately.

This is especially true of instrumental church music. Generally speaking the Church has tolerated rather than favored this form, partly for reasons incident to historical development and partly because it suspected or recognized that emphasis upon the religious meaning of the sacred text was being weakened in favor of aesthetic expression. But "art for art's sake" and formalism are as little inherent in the nature of instrumental music as is the subjectivism which we perceived underlying nineteenth-century music, and which has its source in the spiritual outlook then prevalent. If this were not so, the following remark by Franz Witt, founder and guide of the Caecilienverein, a man of tested loyalty to principle, would have no meaning: "May God grant to the Church, some day, a Palestrina of orchestral music!"

Of course one cannot declare that this Palestrina has appeared. On the whole regrettably few among leading composers have been active in the domain of church music; and if one proceeds to draw historical parallels, the fact can be explained not by reference to the lack of Christian unity in Germany, but only by accepting it as a serious symptom of the time. The few who have been at work must, indeed, be credited with a handful of first-rate compositions. We may notice, above all, the Masses of Anton Bruckner; and there is the work (on a lower plane) of Walter Braunfels, the director of the Cologne Musikhochschul, and of Friedrich Klose, the Swiss composer of operatic music, whose Masses are mentioned here

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only as typical instances of unecclesiastical church music (Klose's own term). The rendition of these works has been impossible, however, if only for extrinsic reasons. Side by side with great art, much workaday music, pleasurable from a religious as well as an aesthetic point of view, has been written: the Masses of Pembaur and Filke, or (to quote newer and still more impressive names) the Masses of Karl Senn, Otto Jochum or Joseph Messmer, the priest-composer who is the most venturesome of the group. Thus one sees that the field of instrumental church music is also able to bring forth good fruit, if only it be granted enough light and the right care.

The deposition of Pope Pius XI on church music (December 20, 1928) has not rendered the development of instrumental music impossible in the future, even as Pius X had not legislated against it. The Holy Father merely emphasized anew the Church's preference for vocal music and warned against too indulgent a use (immoderatiorem usum) of instruments. If only those charged with the execution of this mandate will abstain from an "immoderate use" of the negative aspects of this declaration! Much has been improved during the past twenty-five years, and it would seem (may God be praised!) that the time has gone forever when a Eucharistic procession could march to the cadence of operatic potpourri blown vigorously by a brass band. Much room for improvement remains, of course, but unintelligent zeal will not hasten the coming of a better day. It will merely uproot an old tradition, admittedly less good but certainly not intrinsically corrupt, which is probably more firmly rooted in Germany than it is in the United States. At a time when the soil in which cultural values of the highest sort can grow is steadily being curtailed, people must reflect twice before they decide to give up something preciously cultural. And it is certain that if modern and instrumental music were excluded from the house of God, the destruction of all its latent religious energies would follow, inducing as a consequence the sterilization, with the exception of just a few germs, of what is now in a process of growth.

Let no one object that I am viewing the problem from the special point of view of an aesthete. Anybody who was thinking merely of aesthetic effects would emphasize the fact that even today chant and ancient polyphony are notably remote from the people; for the contacts existing between these forms and modern music are as yet restricted to the highest reaches of art music. I have been concerned throughout with the spiritual nucleus of church music, and not at all with its aesthetic content. And because, for reasons of principle, I am aware of the cultural influence of all music, I do not fail to realize the truth that the Church must, without taking thought of the practical consequences, boldly place the ban upon music which it cannot reconcile with its own spirit. But when we examine the new church music, both vocal and instrumental, we cannot find it guilty, as a whole, of offense. The program adopted by the important group of contemporary French composers, cited in my previous paper, reads: "Simplicity of form, the suppression of chromatic harmony in favor of a diatonic harmony, the purging of emphasis and of all romanticism." Can an art in which the old spirit so manifestly stirs even in our time have become crassly anti-spiritual during three centuries? No. The wings of music could not, we shall admit, beat strongly in a world estranged. Now it remains for us to see to it that modern culture is first of all further suffused with a Catholic outlook. Then the Church will no longer need to abandon modern art to its fate, but will be able to receive it unhesitatingly into its service.

LAW AND LAW ENFORCEMENT

By JOHANNES MATTERN

THE signers of the Declaration of Independence and the framers of the constitution clearly demonstrated their acceptance of what we call the popular will as the law of the group. The fact of the winning of independence and the establishment of union was taken to imply that independence and union signified the will of the group. No formal effort had been made to ascertain in advance what proportion of the people was in favor or opposed to the political changes contemplated. Not that all was harmony under this doctrinary assumption of the popular will. There were people who did not want independence, and states which did not approve of the kind of union offered. In the end it was not theoretical reasoning but considerations of a very practical kind which prompted the dissenters to abide by the decision of the Revolution and the non-conformist states to join the union as it was. However, under the fundamental law of the new union, a formal procedure for the future determination of the popular will was decided upon. For ordinary affairs the popular and representative vote with simple majority, for constitutional amendments the representative vote with two-thirds and three-fourths majority respectively were finally established.

Experience has taught us that under a system of simple majority vote, harmony between doctrinary fiat and empirical reality never lasts long. In fact it should not, lest popular government become a farce. For any law enacted by a theoretical 51 to 49 vote

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exists by a margin too narrow to prove permanently binding in practice upon a minority which holds the strictures of that law objectionable and as such tyrannical. The enactment of a law by a simple majority vote implies per se its eventual repeal or amendment, since in each voting contest the party defeated yields to the majority only until it, in turn, will be able to cast a majority vote. When the people of Georgia refused to accept the Clay tariff bill of 1832, enacted in the face of their opposition ably expressed by Calhoun, the federal government went so far as to threaten the nullifiers with war. While this threat brought home to the Georgians the advisability of a more accommodating attitude, the conflict was settled not by threats but by the tactful reconsideration and emendation of the tariff bill before its passage by Congress.

But matters are not quite so easy of adjustment in the case of contested legislation enacted as constitutional law, either as part of the original constitution or as an amendment thereto. Here the fathers of the constitution have provided not only a dual process of enactment, but also a two-thirds and three-fourths majority respectively for the two procedures. Their reason was that the ordinary method of legislation would make it too easy to meddle with the fundamental law of the land and would thus endanger the very union which that law was to guarantee. Despite their precaution, we have so far nineteen amendments without one instance of a formal repeal. Not that all these amendments are obeyed and enforced. A minority considering itself living under a popular government will not permanently accept even a constitutional amendment which is contrary to its conviction and offensive to its conscience. If it cannot change the law, it will disobey its mandates or inhibitions. It will nullify the law. Ample proof of this we have in the fate of the Fourteenth, the Fifteenth and the Eighteenth Amendments.

But what is left of the sanctity of the law when technical violations are so universal that enforcement becomes a failure? Simply the realization that the idea of the sanctity of the law applies to the concept of the law, i. e., to the generally assumed right of organized society to regulate the conduct of its members in their relation to each other; but that there is nothing particularly sacrosanct about the specific tenets of a particular law. The premise from which we have to start in the consideration of the fitness of a legislative act and its enforceability is not the sanctity of the law but the fact that man-made law constitutes at best only a modus vivendi signifying the prevalence of the opinion or will of one section of the group over that of another. To be sure, the very idea of political organization presupposes submission to and enforcement of prevailing law. This we accept as an axiom requiring no proof. But political organization must also reckon with the possibility that submission may not be the rule, and that enforcement may mean civil war. That we have learned from bitter experience. In fact, we seem to be in the midst of such an experience right now. For when violations of any law reach the extent of those against the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, real enforcement would result in the imprisonment not of thousands but of millions of otherwise respectable citizens. The remedy for such a situation is to be found not in theoretical and doctrinary preachments, but in realistic thinking and practical action.

In some of the larger cities, evasion of law and failure of enforcement have reached a state of veritable anarchy. Several states have sought to stop the rising tide of lawlessness by legislation providing life terms for repeated convictions. This has led to such revolting severity in the sentencing of offenders that in at least one state public opinion has forced remedial action by legislative amendment. In general there is evident a universal failure to find ways and means to curb the growing disregard of law without inflicting undue individual suffering. Recently one United States District Attorney, Amos Woodcock, has unearthed an old law which makes it obligatory for neighbor to inform against neighbor. Sycophantism, i. e., betraying one's neighbor, was one of the symptoms of decay of once glorious Greece. Only the prevention of personal injury can possibly justify such tactics. To be sure, there are grave defects in the administration of justice. These defects are responsible for the crowding of court dockets, a situation which leads to paralyzing delays in the punishment of crime. Other weaknesses in the judicial system enable unscrupulous legal talent to save the guilty from punishment altogether. For these shortcomings the President's commission of experts should be able to discover effective remedy. But the issue of law and law enforcement as here considered is a far deeper one and far more difficult of cure. It is not a problem of the improvement of the judicial machinery but of the fitness and enforceability of the law itself. It is not a question of securing more convictions but of reducing the number of criminals.

Our federal penitentiaries are crowded to suffocation. Riot after riot testifies to the fact that the danger point has been reached in housing that part of our criminal population which has actually been brought to the state of hearing sentence pronounced. The President, we are informed, will ask Congress for $5,000,000 for the immediate construction of new prisons and $10,000,000 for other prisons to be built after a short interval. But why ask for more money for more prisons before the commission of experts has made its report? Who knows but that the commission, instead of hatching new schemes of more effective enforcement, may offer suggestions for saving from the stigma of the criminal thousands who at present become offenders of the law in a technical but not in a moral sense?

As matters stand now, a minority objecting to the provisions of an offensive law whose amendment or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repeal it cannot secure has but two alternatives, supine submission or nullification. Of course, nullificaton as a well-established Anglo-American institution has an excellent pedigree. It is indicative of political courage, but such courage is worthy of a better cause. After all, as an extra-legal procedure, nullification is not without serious consequences for the political integrity of the group. Nullification of bad law breeds the habit of disrespect for all law, and disrespect for all law presages the end of political organization for the preservation of which we make law. A nation habitually flouting the obligations of its formal law, or enforcing objectionable law upon an unwilling minority without regard for sensibilities and consequences, will slowly but surely descend to that point of disintegration where it will cease to be a political unit fit to maintain itself against its more self-respecting neighbors. Nor will the responsibility for its eventual degradation rest entirely or even primarily upon those who refuse to obey objectionable law. An equal share of blame attaches to the majority which, in the face of the sincere and persistent opposition of a formidable minority, refuses to consider a reasonable modification of the law in question.

The present temper of both proponents and opponents of the existing prohibition laws being what it is, there is no hope of a modification acceptable to both. To enforce this legislation in the face of the demonstrated numerical and qualitative opposition is not an act of statesmanship and patriotism, but of narrow politics and zealotry. Will the commission of experts save the country from an impasse greater than any since that which led to the Civil War, by a report declaring unenforceable all law opposed as this legislation is? If not, conscientious parents must view with grave apprehension the future of the country in which their children and children's children are expected to find their earthly happiness. Let our lawmakers beware lest they legislate our fair land to destruction.

Thither Are My Sorrows

The sparrows are again flying with the
north wind,
While summer is done with its wasteful
laughter—
And the silver sound of my youth's
offering,
I hear it glide along unto the vale
of the unknown;
Where russet leaves are blown never
to return;
Where sighs of the golden poplars are
held
Breathless and alone—

Thither, entwined with the mystic weave
of night,
Have my sorrows flown.

M. de Gracia Concepcion.

IN A CONVENT GARDEN

By A MARYKNOLL SISTER

BESIDES converting heathen and studying two languages and taking care of rabbits, I am the gardener for our house. Now, every gardener must have a garden. That is a severe necessity, and Reverend Mother, seeing my great need, nods and smiles indulgently on my follies and indiscretions.

They begin with seed catalogues. Holy Church teaches that it is a grievous wrong wilfully to disbelieve statements contained in Holy Writ, and never had I any impulse to think them otherwise than Gospel truth. But some innate quality in my simplicity leads me to accept likewise descriptions in seed catalogues, and I swallow them all whole, blissfully and trustfully. If Ryder's holds forth on the beauty of a new blue cineraria, what can I do but gape and sigh, and mark it down on my list? If Burpee's elaborates on a blood-red zinnia with twisted petals—I must have it, that is all. I shall die without it. Thus my list grows, and grows, and grows. At last, scanning the closely written sheets of paper, I count the items, and find that I have just 253 kinds of flowers marked down, to say nothing of vegetables. Cost, $16.82. I shall never dare to show such a list to Reverend Mother. And my garden space is about the size of the front porch where my mother used to sit and gossip over her crocheting.

So I go over my lists and cross out the things I feel that I can live without. Anchusa—h'm, let me see—well, I can do without the small one, but I must have the big Dropmore one. Arctotis—I have seed of the white ones from my own plants last year, but here is a new kind—all colors, with black centre—at a terribly stiff price! But Arctotis does so well in our garden, and looks so well on the altar—and a colored one, with black centre! So it goes down the list, heartbreakingly. At last it is reduced by about half. Then, in an excess of cruelty, I go over the list again, closing my eyes, and ruthlessly drawing my pencil through this one and that one and yet another one. Aha! Reduced at last, to fifty items.

I recopy the mutilated list, and take it up to Reverend Mother. But, my dear child, she says—where will you ever put fifty kinds of flowers? Boil down that list to a dozen or so, and then send it. I say nothing—no, not one word do I say. She will never know till the great day that my original list numbered 253. And guiltily conscious in my heart of hearts that I scarcely have room for a dozen in my tiny plot, I reduce it to fifteen (including the colored Arctotis).

But ordering seeds is only one predominating passion. How can one have more than one predominating passion? I don't know, and most likely theology is dead against me, but I am sure I have a number of them. How about transplanting tender little things in a fine mist of rain? And shuddering over the wiggly worms as I do so, and smelling the brown earth fresh and grateful to God for the cool and spreading sweetness of rain? And knowing that every tiny plant will stand sturdily on its feet and thrive lustily, having got its start in life under such circumstances?

Then, there is the watching for the first blossom on a new variety. (I have ordered blue flowers by the dozen, only to have them turn out a deadly purple or a sickly lavender.) All during breakfast, while the venerable rule of Saint Augustine is being read aloud, I am nursing the profane intention of slipping out immediately—oh, sooner than immediately, if possible—to see what progress that scabiouse bud has made during the night.

"Tu autem Domine miserere nostri," says the Sister Reader,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and "Deo gratias!" answer we all, and I am off. Cool and sweet it is, with a hint of a wind from the sea, and the low morning sun stretching the trees' shadows out to immense lengths. A topknotted bird cocks his bright eye at me and says "Cheer up?" I frown at him severely. He eats my pet parsley plants—right down to the roots he eats them. I must keep them securely covered with wire netting, and woe is me if I forget and leave it off an hour or two. If it were not for Saint Francis, I would—yes, I would—feed him poison pills or something. But the rascal knows about Saint Francis, and so he is bold and impenitent, and he winks at me, and says "Cheer up?"

My scabiouse bud is an infinitesimal bit larger, fatter and more like an old maid's pincushion than it was yesterday. And, oh, look at the Japanese morning-glory vine—a blue flame—a blaze of azure glory. I wish (think I)—I wish that I could get up an hour earlier and make a meditation out here. (This is purely hypocritical, as I am a famous sleepy-head.) But what a meditation—surely each one of these blue glories is singing "Praise God!"

There are tragedies in my garden, too. There was the time Towser planted a bone in the place where I had just planted a well-rooted hydrangea cutting, and when I discovered the crime, neither hydrangea nor root could be found, but the bone was there, quite safe. I led Towser to the scene and spanked him soundly with a little stick, since which time, whenever I come near, he casts an apprehensive brown eye on me and looks thoughtful.

Which reminds me of another story. I raised two tiny, delicate ferns, and put them into two dainty china pots, and gave them to the music room Sister, who had a handy table for them. She nursed them with a mother's care, in between music pupils, and delighted to see new fronds reach out their green fingers from day to day. One showery night she put them out on the veranda for their health's sake, and in the morning before meditation time, she opened the door and saw what was left of them lying where the two playful puppy dogs had distributed them—a root here, a bit of green there, pot over there, and earth everywhere. Having no time to gather up the fragments then, she went in to chapel, and the subject she chose for her meditation was, "An enemy hath done this!"

Sometimes good folk, knowing my mental aberrations, bring me plants and cuttings, upon which I thank them from my heart, and ask God to thank them from His heart (which is something more like) and hasten off to stick them into mud. A kind English lady who also is afflicted with gardenitis gave me some cuttings of sweet English violets—"the long-stemmed kind," she said. I planted them in a shady spot, mellow and soft with leaf mold and humus. Our native man-of-all-work had never seen violets, and besides, he is not overly blessed with brains. He pulled them up for weeds the next day, while I was in my classroom converting the heathen.

One half-holiday, it being rainy, I set to work blissfully, having first girded up habit skirts and fortified myself with a pair of large substantial rubbers and two aprons. I had put my trust in a deceitful safety pin which presently betrayed me and let a yard-length of white scapular down to drag in the mud. And drag in the mud it did, all afternoon, I potting and digging and transplanting the while. I discovered my plight just in time to answer the bell for Rosary, Angelus and supper. Thenceforth my care was to keep behind a pillar or in a shadowy corner with the disreputable scapular, until after supper came time for a change and a trip to the laundry.

I have often read of hermits raising little patches of corn and beans, and I think it would be a delightful way to do. Gardening and hermiting seem to go together, somehow. One could garden indefinitely without at all disturbing one's state of being a hermit, and then, too, one could be an extremely eremitical hermit without ever having to stop gardening. A hermit would be a great acquisition in our garden—like a sundial, and a bird-bath, he would fit in and harmonize with the surroundings. But since there are grave obstacles in the way of my ever becoming a hermit, I have often wondered why we could not import one. Are hermits so rare nowadays? I have asked in all seriousness, only to be greeted with cheap witticisms from those who think I am joking. I shall continue to inquire hopefully, however, until I find a good hermit who knows violets from cockleburs, and I shall install him in our rabbit shed, or our hollow tree, or anywhere his eremitical heart desires. And I shall allow him to dig in my garden during the long hours when I must be converting the heathen.

Death Dread

O gaunt and pale death dread,
Who chill the path ahead,
I bear a glowing charm
Against your fearful harm.

Though following your steps,
I lift joy to my lips:
And when in snow you cower,
My fancy springs to flower.

My clay has little need
To fear what worms may feed
After your icy breath
Has frozen mine in death.

Why should I fear you, blind,
Who never knew to find
Joy in each day and night,
Peace under shade, or light?

Demon of frost, you know
Not the eternal glow
Of incense on my hearth—
You parasite of earth!

Listen: there is, down deep
A constant light I keep
Within my heart. Its power
Will blanch your darkest hour.

For this, my beacon spark,
Will burn throughout the dark
Of time, its constant flame
Starring the sky's wide frame.

My certain star of love,
All luminous above
Your phosphorous decay,
Will lead to perfect day.

But you, O pale death dread,
Vanish in endless shade
While I, a child of light,
Walk, fearless of your might.

Translated by Alice Bidwell Wesenberg from the Spanish of CONCHA ESPINA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

MR. DELL ON THE PAPAL FASCIST ALLIANCE

San Jose, Cal.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Robert Dell, in the July 3 issue of the Nation, answering my protests against his article, The Papal Fascist Alliance, claims to stand unchallenged as to statements of fact. Few specific statements of fact were to be found in his article. It was made up largely of broad general statements to the effect, for instance, that the Catholic Church is reactionary, that Italy by the concordat is handed over to the Pope, that the Papacy and Fascism will stand or fall together.

For instance, in proof of a very broad and damning charge that the Catholic Church is seeking to get control of the diplomatic service of Great Britain, his facts are that, until recently, the Permanent Under Secretary of the Foreign Office and the Assistant Under Secretary were Catholics (to which he adds the broad statement, with no proof, that the Foreign Service is packed with Catholics); and then that an anonymous student at Oxford was advised by an unnamed Catholic publicist to maintain his contacts with the Catholic chaplain at the University, because, "as he was entering the diplomatic service it would be a great advantage to him to be known as a good Catholic." Granting the truth of these facts, they form a ridiculous foundation for so sweeping a charge. Mr. Dell assumes without the least trace of proof that these diplomats were appointed at the instance of the Catholic hierarchy and for political ends.

With regards to two specific matters dealt with in his reply, Mr. Dell declares that I suggest rather than say that he is wrong. I can do more than "suggest." Let me say quite categorically that he is wrong in his interpretation of the concordat with references to the points in question, viz., religious instruction and marriage.

He is wrong first in declaring that the concordat makes "religious instruction compulsory for all students in all schools." His proof rests on Signor Belluzzo's circular declaring that "religious instruction is compulsory." The circular did not say "for all students." That was an addendum made by Mr. Dell. The concordat declared that its purpose was merely to extend to secondary schools the religious instruction already given in primary schools. This religious instruction in primary schools was not compulsory for all students. It was optional for non-Catholics. By what sort of logic, then, does Mr. Dell maintain that this same religious instruction, when extended to secondary schools, is no longer optional for non-Catholics but becomes "compulsory for all students"? He cannot quote a single word from the concordat or its official interpretation to prove his statements. On the contrary, the point has been made clear beyond cavil in a statement by Mussolini himself, and also in a law recently admitted to the Italian Parliament (with no objection on the part of the Pope) by which parents professing religions other than the Catholic may request that their children be excused from attending courses of religious instruction in the public schools.

Mr. Dell declares that many Italian teachers will be deprived of liberty of conscience, because only those able to give religious instruction will have any chance of promotion. His charge is wholly gratuitous and he offers nothing to prove it. I might as validly assert that in our public high schools only those able to teach Latin will have any chance for promotion.

Mr. Dell is wrong again when he declares that the concordat gives the Catholic Church control of marriage. His proof is drawn from a single clause of the article on marriage stating that questions having to do with the nullification of marriage are reserved to the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical tribunals. Once more he generalizes in favor of his thesis that the Catholic Church is aiming at the usurpation of civil authority. He interprets this clause of the concordat not merely as reserving to the Church the nullification (hereafter recognized by the state) of the marriages of her own subjects, but as giving her power to nullify all marriages entered into by any and all persons. He would impose on the Church the very unwelcome duty of nullifying the marriages of unbelievers, Protestants and Jews. He himself stops in amazement and wonders by what principles she will proceed in this task. Ever so little reflection would have revealed to Mr. Dell that the Church imposes her laws only on those who voluntarily accept her authority, and would naturally refuse the impossible task of imposing them on others. The clear and simple purport of Article 34 of the concordat is not to place all marriage in control of the Church, but to give to the Church's marriages what had heretofore been denied them, the same value before civil law as state marriages. The quite simple conclusion reached from a study of this Article by scholarly and unbiased laymen, such as those on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association, is that "the situation created in Italy does not differ from that in the United States, where both or either the religious and civil ceremony are legally effective." (The Lateran Accord, by the Foreign Policy Association, July 10, 1929.)

Mr. Dell is again wrong in his statement that "the heresy—that Catholics are not bound to obey their ecclesiastical superiors in political matters—was the theological ground of the recent condemnation of the Action Française by the present Pope." Rather, after the Action Française had been proscribed by the Pope for Catholics because of its danger to the interests of faith and religion, those refusing to obey the Holy Father's condemnation used as their pretext the principle "that Catholics are not bound to obey the ecclesiastical authorities in political matters." The Pope says merely "that it is not permitted to Catholics to adhere to enterprises and in a sense to the school of those who place the interests of parties above religion and wish to make the latter serve the former." The Action Française constituted not merely a political party but a school of thought, led by men like Maurras, who had renounced the Catholic faith; and it had for its foundation principles which the Holy Father calls "a religious, moral and social system" irreconcilable with Catholic doctrine and morality. For instance, its idea regarding the relations of Church and state is that the Church is merely a support to good order in the state and not an independent divine institution. (See Declaration of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops of France, March 8, 1927.) Yet the leaders of the Action Française were appealing to the supposed royalist sympathy of French Catholics and were making of their organization a Catholic party, making religion serve a party which would mislead the Catholic youth of France in matters of faith and moral principles. And so, as the French hierarchy declared, "the intervention of the Pope in this matter is perfectly legitimate, for his power does not cease in matters of faith and morals merely because they are mixed up with politics."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Dell can find no ground either in text or context for his distortion of the teaching of Pope Leo XIII, when he makes him declare that Catholics "in their capacity as citizens" owe complete submission of will to the Church and the Roman Pontiff as to God Himself. The Pope is not speaking in this passage of Catholics in their capacity as citizens (the term is not used or implied) but in their capacity as Catholic believers receiving from the Church doctrine and direction in the things that pertain to salvation. In the context immediately preceding, Pope Leo has been speaking of matters of faith in which all Catholics must agree and in which the Roman Pontiff is the supreme teacher. And he goes on in the context that follows treating the same subject. Mr. Dell carefully refrains from any reference to the words used by the distinguished Pontiff a little later on in the encyclical, in which he declares: "The Church alike and the state, doubtless, both possess individual sovereignty; hence in the carrying out of public affairs, neither obeys the other within the limits of which each is restricted by its constitution."

From an unbiased study of the encyclical letters of this same distinguished Pontiff, Mr. Dell might have learned to state correctly the Catholic conception of Church and state. Such a statement would itself have answered his attacks in which he construes statements of the Church's liberty and rights into usurpation of civil rights and prerogatives. Pope Leo does state clearly that the Church is a perfect society, independent of the state; that the Church is superior to the state, not in claiming sovereignty over the state (Pope Boniface VIII in making a claim of this kind was merely using a principle of international law received in his day among states entirely Catholic) but more excellent by reason of her domain, which is concerned with things spiritual and eternal; that the Church is not indifferent to political movements and civil laws when they encroach upon the rights of the Church, "not in so far as they refer to the state," says the Pontiff, "but in so far as, passing beyond their due limits, they trench upon the rights of the Church."

Individual Catholics, or even individual Protestants for that matter, could not stand by indifferent to a law such as that enacted some years ago in the state of Oregon, which would take away from parents the God-given right to educate their children in schools of their own choice. Neither can the Church stand by indifferent and allow her children to associate themselves with those more radical forms of Socialism (I fear, however, that Mr. Dell will look in vain for an excommunication "ipso facto" either by Pope or bishops against such association) which attack her and all organized religions for teaching obedience and respect for civil authority to such a degree as to retard the revolution of the masses against their oppressors.

Nor can she allow to go unchallenged principles which so undermine human rights as those often enunciated by Socialists denying or unduly limiting the right of the individual to possess private property. The voluntary acceptance by Catholics of the authority of the Church directing and restraining them in these matters, wherein politics and civil laws conflict with their religious and spiritual interests, Mr. Dell construes as "blind obedience even in political matters." I quote these instances merely to illustrate his bias, which leads him to generalize, to overstate, to misstate and to misconstrue in writing of an institution whose greatness and record of service (to say the least) deserve for her a more accurate interpretation to the modern readers.

Rev. John McGarr.

MONTE CASSINO

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor:—In The Commonweal for June 12, 1929, Count Giordani told us:

"Saint Maur introduced monasticism into France"; "Saint Placid was sent to Messina"; "From his monastery on the Caelian he [Saint Gregory] sent Augustine, who with forty companions set foot on English soil in 596"; "And from this time Saint Benedict seems to have taken possession of England as his own."

Abbot Butler, in Benedictine Monachism, page 354, definitely rejects the legends with regard to Saint Maur and Saint Placid. On page 315 the Abbot writes:

"The 'conversion of England' cannot be claimed as a Benedictine work. The greater part of the country was converted by the Hiberno-Scottish monks of Saint Columba from Iona, and by independent missionary bishops from the continent, as Birinus and Felix."

In answer to Count Giordani's rejoinder of August 28, 1929, let me say: if the only historical evidence for the existence of our Lord Jesus Christ in Palestine, or of Saint Peter in Rome were analogous to the Maurist, Placidian and Augustinian traditions, I for one would be inclined to suspend judgment. In historical investigation we have a choice of three things:

1. To say a statement is true,
2. To affirm the statement to be false, or
3. To withhold our decision until we have sufficient evidence for saying yes or no.

The sole test of truth is objective evidence, and in history this comes from three sources: tradition, written records and relics. Is any one of these sources sufficient grounds for rendering a historical judgment? I think not. Is a combination of any two of them enough? Undoubtedly.

Since I refuse to take my history on authority, I hoped to draw forth from Count Giordani some contemporary documentary or archaeological proof with regard to Saint Maur's supposed mission to Gaul, Saint Placid's pseudo-martyrdom in Sicily, and Saint Augustine's following of the Regula Monachorum of Saint Benedict of Nursia in Saint Andrew's monastery, Rome. It is impossible for even a Mabillon or a Gasquet to let his natural partiality "enslave his judgment." History is not built on historians; it rests exclusively on evidence.

Dom Bede Gray, Obl., O.S.B.

LITURGICAL MUSIC ONCE MORE

Staten Island, N. Y.

To the Editor:—May I be allowed to add one more to your list of inquirers as to what the faithful shall sing? Recently an inquirer expressed herself substantially to the effect that she was sorry for the Theodore Maynards, etc., who advocated the singing of plain-chant by the faithful, but that those like-minded with herself being in the majority, they would continue to sing their favorite vernacular hymns (specifically, "O Lord, I am not worthy") both here and in the world to come. Has not this inquirer quite misstated the matter in hand? If she had said, "I am sorry for Popes Leo XIII, Pius X and Pius XI, who with several of their predecessors, have not only entreated but positively commanded the faithful to sing plain-chant at Mass; but Popes being in the minority, a majority of the laity whose tastes agree with mine will continue to sing what 'it liketh us,' Rome and Roman Pontiffs to the contrary"—would she not have presented her case more truly and clearly? I much fear that when she arrives in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world to come, she will not find herself at liberty to indulge in the pleasing pastime of flinging flowers at her equally self-willed companions, until she has, at least, offered a very humble apology to those Pontiffs whose commands she flouted, and perhaps performed some little penance, to show she really feels her unworthiness, instead of merely singing the words, which is quite a different matter.

Lactantius is quoted as saying, "Literati non habent fidem"; might we not paraphrase that: "Illiterati non habent obedientiam"? Since Catholics have been told plainly and repeatedly just what they should sing, would it not express a more loyal attitude to ask, "How shall the faithful learn to sing plain-chant, since they have been told it is their duty to sing it?" The obedient minority who have already tried to master it, have been abundantly rewarded; even children soon come to love it. Perhaps Mrs. Hielscher herself, might become one of its foremost promoters, were she willing to look into it a little.

The singing of plain-chant would by no means interfere with the singing of the vernacular hymns, deservedly dear to most of us. Could Mrs. Hielscher but attend one of the great national pilgrimages at Lourdes, she might hear the plain-chant sung to perfection, together with a wonderful variety of vernacular hymns.

E. Von Rycken Wilson.

Mankato, Minn.

To the Editor:—"I did but taste a little honey on the end of the rod that was in my hand and now I must die." I was just having a little fun for myself and the rest of us who are ignorant in the matter of music, and behold what has happened to me! It was never a steam-roller that squashed and mangled me like this—it must have been a tractor with lugs. Still I raise my head, neatly bandaged of course, to say that I got something out of it anyway. Now when people speak of Theodore Maynard, I will say: "A clever fellow. I had a controversy with him once—" this rather reminiscently. I got my inspiration for this from the story of a boy who boasted that the king had spoken to him once. "What did he say?" he was asked. "He told me to stand out of the way," replied the boy proudly.

In spite of my battered condition I still have a conviction that we may expect "good taste" from the majority of the people. A cultivated taste is something else again, and it is not always good. I am not sure that the old Irish woman wasn't right who said that it seemed to her that singing at all during Mass was in shocking bad taste. Certainly the Church ordains silence for the most solemn part. We of the people are liberal, and if anyone wants to express their religious feelings in song, far be it from us to cramp their style. Other people, other manners. David and his singers might be astonished and perhaps disedified at the Twelfth Mass, even when well rendered. I myself have heard singing in the cathedral in Florence which the sons of Core might not have approved of as a form of worship. As to being "unliturgical people" that is not what ails us at all. We are only like rather bad children, quite outspoken in our Father's house, where we are very much at home and sure that we love its glory. We know no other home for our people did not take a "detour" when the roads became rough down through the centuries. With bleeding feet and bowed backs they plodded on, and that is perhaps one of the reasons that we never acquired a cultivated taste in Church music.

Helen Hughes Hielscher.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Subway Express

THE best constructed, the most ingenious and the most novel murder mystery of this season, or of many seasons for that matter, is now on exhibition under the sponsorship of Edward A. Blatt. Subway Express, written by Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison, and staged, with an exceptionally competent cast, by Chester Erskine, is the kind of play that makes its novelty serve a genuine dramatic purpose (as distinct from novelty for its own sake) and that mixes all its elements of humor, horror and suspense with an almost infallible sense of fine theatre. It creates and maintains its illusion throughout. It has only one fault (shared with four-fifths of the current plays) and that is the use of blasphemous expressions. The passion for realism seems to overlook the simple fact that these expressions are offensive to many in a way that has nothing to do with prudishness but a great deal to do with courtesy, finer feelings and reverence for the religious instincts of others. It is a matter that can be remedied in half a minute and with one blue pencil—which makes the nature of the fault all the more blatant. I am not singling out Subway Express for this comment, but intend it for all plays indulging in the same habit. I feel certain that a reasoned appeal coming to managers from high authority, and resting the case on courteous instinct alone would go far to wipe out the abuse.

The entire action of Subway Express takes place in a New York north-bound subway car. A man is murdered before your eyes. Yet you not only fail to see who murdered him, but discover in time that he was not murdered by the shot you saw fired but in another way and several minutes before the shot itself. Thirty or forty people were in the car at the time. A police detective boards the train, and, as it speeds on its way uptown, begins to unravel the amazing events. Never do you lose the sense of the crowd and the interplay of emotions under stress, with minor characters touched off here and there in instantaneously revealing lines and actions. As a background to all this, you have the mechanical perfection of a setting which not only gives you the realistic interior of a subway car, but provides all the illusion of motion, of jolting halts, of stops at stations and of resumed pace. This setting and these effects, designed and painted by Cirker and Robins, have a vast deal to do with the final result, but not more than Mr. Erskine's masterly stage direction of the crowds, nor than the acting of a gigantic cast, led by Edward Pawley, Dorothy Peterson and Edward Ellis. Jack Lee as the murdered man does perhaps the most sensational bit of acting seen in a long time—and for a reason you can appreciate only after seeing the play and knowing its strange secret. (At the Liberty Theatre.)

Hawk Island

CONTINUING the inventory of crime, Hawk Island, by Howard Irving Young, presents a murder on a lonely island off the New England coast during a house party at which a writer of detective fiction is the chief guest. It is not a mystery play, since the audience knows everything that happens. But it is a tense and mysterious situation for the characters in the play. It is distinctly above the average in construction and suffers chiefly from overexaggeration in the attempted comedy relief. Clark Gable as the host, accused of the murder due to a practical joke of his own, Elaine Temple as a helpful sea captain's daughter, and Mary Fowler as the reck-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less wife whose philanderings cause the tragedy, all do excellent work. The author's own direction seems largely to blame for the exaggerations which occasionally break the illusion so earnestly built up by Mr. Gable and Miss Fowler and Joseph Granby. A setting by Willy Pogany serves the pictorial illusion splendidly. (At the Longacre Theatre.)

Strictly Dishonorable

THE theme of this light and deftly written comedy by Preston Sturges is that of an incipient love affair, "strictly dishonorable" in intentions on both sides, which ends in a strictly honorable proposal and acceptance of marriage after the man in the case realizes, before it is too late, that he is dealing with an impulsive child. In this sense, if you want to stretch a point, it follows the arrow of a moral pointer. But in the development of the story, it manages to play upon every infantile audience instinct looking for and expecting "the worst," and supplies enough in the way of intimate disrobing scenes and locked bedrooms to satisfy the constant frequenter of so-called French farce. Only it is not farce, and deals with real emotions.

On the whole, Strictly Dishonorable is an excellent example of the way in which the telling of a story is frequently of far more importance to its ultimate effect than the theme. In this case the theme could be stated as the conversion of a roué in the presence of comparative innocence. In the actual telling, the theme becomes a detailed account of seduction with the logical climax cut out to circumvent the censors (whoever they are).

The writing and construction are both excellent. In dialogue and characterization, the play is almost on the level of Philip Barry's best work. But that does not alter an honest appraisal of the ultimate nature and intention of the play. It only confirms a point I have tried frequently to make in this department —that a dozen tragedies, handling the deeper problems of life in their large implications and with bold language, are far less insidious, lumped together, than any one of half a dozen light comedies of recent seasons which feed the public surface thrills in sugar-coated packages. The tragedies are generally sincere, cerebral in their expression and inexorably logical in their development. The comedies are unreal, insincere either in theme or the telling of it, and cater directly to infantile emotions and vicarious thrills. (At the Avon Theatre.)

A Strong Man's House

LEE WILSON DODD'S new play, in which Mary Nash is starring, suffers primarily from an overloading in generalities about political and economic corruption in a mythical mid-western town. It might hold water as a distinctly effective play if the motivations of its most important scenes did not depend on these same generalities. Good theatre usually demands that a general condition be given a concrete form, that if the hero is to make a sacrifice, it shall be for some tangible motive rather than for a general ideal which is none too clearly outlined.

The dying Sam Hammerman has been the centre of considable corrupt activity. That much is plain; also the fact that his son, when he inherits his father's fortune, refuses to be party to many of the schemes by which his father dominated the city and even controlled legislation in Washington. But we are never favored with any definite illustrations of this corruption. No tangible issue is placed before the son, and for this reason his heroics ring a bit hollow.

On the human side, the issue is definite enough. Sam Hammerman's trained nurse, Janet Hale (Mary Nash) is ambitious and largely of one mind with Sam as to handling realities. With Sam's connivance, she makes Roy Hammerman fall in love with her. After the old man's death, they marry. But Roy prefers fighting local corruption to following the advice of his wife. An issue is drawn between his wife and his work of reform. He choses his work, and persists in it until Janet at last gives in and is convinced that she must work with him, cost what it may. On the one side, then, we have a very vital and definite fact—Janet—and on the other nothing more definite than dark hints about "the Senator" and sundry schemes which seem to have the general purpose of oppressing mankind. To make the play seem real, Roy would have to have some objective form of corruption to engage his sympathies—the results of oppression, for example, as summed up in a family threatened with extinction because of refusing to work for the political machine. The task of the theatre is to make the universal apparent in the concrete. To have Roy torn between his wife and a general "cause" is as ineffective as a battle between a visible prize-fighter and an invisible radio orator. The two forces are not comparable, in strictly theatrical terms. We must remember that even the drama of Roman martyrdom generally involved a concrete expression of the choice to be made—the chance to obtain release by offering incense to the Roman gods. Virtue and villainy, good thoughts and bad, must both be objectified in the theatre, symbolized in such a way that opposing forces meet on similar ground and in similar terms.

Mary Nash, who is always a very capable actress, makes the temptation of Roy Hammerman quite understandable and definite. There are many moments when the play takes on the hue of reality and force. But the undefined off-stage needs of a suffering humanity do not supply her with an adequate foil, nor with a sufficient motive for final repentance and conversion. This weakness of Mr. Dodd's play is thus fundamental. (At the Ambassador Theatre.)

Sweet Land of Liberty

ONE of the authors of Broadway, Philip Dunning, has done a pretty thorough job in exposing (with pardonable exaggeration) the dank trail of civic corruption, as followed since the advent of prohibition. He has done it in terms of a swift and tense melodrama whose scenes are set in a restaurant speakeasy. Unlike the author of A Strong Man's House, Mr. Dunning has objectified every force at work and every situation into which the characters are thrown. For good measure he has injected some biting satire directed at the collusion between civic betterment forces and the new prohibition underworld.

The language is that of most modern realism (see above) but the situations of the play, though frank, are merely honest in relation to the whole problem which the play attacks. Nothing disagreeable is injected without good and sufficient reason. You may think, when you come out of the theatre, that there is not a public official left who is not the beneficiary of liquor corruption and its partner, murder. Probably that is an overdrawn conclusion. But it comes alarmingly close to coincidence with known facts—with unsolved murder mysteries, with wide-open and protected speakeasies, with criminal treasure chests of amazing resource and with a political cynicism that staggers the intellect. Mr. Dunning writes as a crusader. But he knows whereof he writes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Darkness Following Lincoln

The Tragic Era, by Claude G. Bowers. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

OF THE great crises in the life of the American nation, probably none has been more powerful in its ultimate effects upon our people, and certainly none is less known or understood, than the twelve years between the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and General Grant's reluctant exit from the White House. To be sure, it is difficult to appraise the relative importance of the various epochs of the nation's struggle; one can only venture his own imperfect view. Had there been no American Revolution, there might have been no United States. Had there been no Constitutional Convention in 1788, the seaboard states might have divided into jealous groups, and have fallen easy prey to European fleets. Had Jefferson not overturned the Federalists, America might have paid homage to a Yankee king, and had Old Hickory not set his foot sternly upon Nicholas Biddle and his monopolistic bank, as well as upon South Carolina's nullification, the union might not have lasted until the Civil War. Then there was the Civil War itself, a national bath of blood. Even so, it is not beyond debate that the years of desolation commonly known as Reconstruction have cast a blacker shadow upon this nation, have left deeper wounds and uglier scars than did the battles of blue and grey during the brothers' war.

Now comes Claude G. Bowers, to turn the searchlight of his genius upon the skeletoned chamber of this decade of an age of hate. The Tragic Era, he terms it—an apt description of those years of the locusts during which Andrew Johnson walked in Lincoln's footsteps, and was impeached for doing so, and was succeeded in the White House by that most unfortunate and inept of our Presidents, General U. S. Grant.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Bowers's earlier volumes of historical biography have awaited with eagerness the publication of the present one, for the author seldom touches a subject which he does not illuminate. The Tragic Era begins with a picture of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in April, 1865. It comes to a close twelve years later with the unwilling departure of Chamberlain, the last carpetbag executive of spoliated South Carolina, and the entry into the Columbia capital, the scene of the outrageous revels of the unlettered, the incompetent and the corrupt, of the new Governor-General Wade Hampton, who had just redeemed South Carolina from the smirching touch of carpetbagger and scalawag. Anyone who endeavors within the compass of a single volume to paint the tragedy and the pathos and the villainy and the farce of these three administrations, struggles against immense difficulties. He has twelve years of stark brutality to investigate and explore. He must give a picture of a group of amazing men, many-sided in their character and their personality, and he must do it with brief revealing phrase. To encompass within the covers of a single volume vivid and truthful portraits of Andrew Johnson, Old Thad Stevens, Charles Sumner, the amazing Stanton and the petty Grant, is indeed a task. It has been well accomplished.

One who has himself been searching for the true Andrew Johnson, as has the writer of this review, cannot but regret, however, that Mr. Bowers found it impossible to spare the time required for an inspection of the voluminous Johnson manuscripts now available in the Library of Congress in Washington. Had he consulted them, one feels that he would have done even more justice to perhaps the bravest and most devoted exponent of the constitution who ever sat in the seat of Washington. Not that Mr. Bowers's picture of Andrew Johnson is not friendly. It is all of that, and it reveals much of the flavor of the tailor-statesman's greatness. It is to be expected that any book covering the scandals of Grant's eight years, as well as the tragedies of Johnson's four, must depict individual characteristics and incidents with the broad stroke of the mural painting. There is no space for the more microscopic dabs of miniature.

The most fascinating portion of The Tragic Era is to be found in the author's presentation of Reconstruction under Grant. One visits the cotton fields with Bowers, and sees the ignorant farm hands working slovenly, if at all, for they have been made to believe that the government is going to present them with forty acres and a mule. One accompanies maiden ladies from New England into the southern states, ladies determined to educate "God's image in ebony," and without any understanding of the social rebuffs they met in their Dixie sojourns. One gets a glimpse of the Reconstruction legislatures, with their ignorance and corruption, and their heinous squandering of public funds. One sees the federal bayonets propping up these vicious masters, one hears the tortured cries of a people who almost have lost their hope and faith. And then finally one finds the South emerging from this witches' cauldron, thrust forth by the brave hearts and determined minds of men who had reached the breaking point, but would not break. One has a glimpse of a few great leaders, of George of Mississippi, an unappreciated saviour of his state, of Ben Hill and Henry Grady in Georgia, of Andrew Johnson ousting the radicals from rule in Tennessee, of the decline and fall of Holden and his North Carolina crew, brushed aside by the magnetic voice of Zebulon Vance, and finally, of Wade Hampton and General Geary and the South Carolina Red Shirts compassing the redemption of their state by bargaining with Hayes of Ohio not to protest over-much against "the crime of '76."

Indeed, it is a fascinating story, but one which no American can read without a growing sense of indignation. The South paid dearly for secession, but the scars of Gettysburg and Chickamauga quickly healed, until by 1866 they seemed almost microscopic. But then Thad Stevens and Charles Sumner tore open the wounds of war, and General Grant rubbed salt upon them; the "bloody shirt" was held aloft as the banner of patriotism, while gold rings and whisky rings and credit mobiliers made merchandise of the public patrimony. Bowers calls it a "tragic era." It was more than that. It was a time when hate was king, and the southern spirit to this day bears the mark of this empiry of Caliban.

GEORGE FORT MILTON.

Religion and Research

The History of Christianity in the Light of Modern Knowledge: A Collective Work. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.50.

THE twenty-six chapters of this work were written by twenty-two men eminent in the world of scholarship and distinguished as teachers or religious leaders. The University of Oxford is represented by Cyril Bailey, Charles Dodd, Gilbert Murray, David Ogg, Canon David Simpson, Edward Watson and Clement C. J. Webb; Glasgow by Archibald Main, George Milligan and Robert Rait; Union Theological Seminary by Frederick Foakes-Jackson and James Moffatt; Cambridge by Francis Burkitt; Saint Andrew's by James Bax-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sacred Art

A Series of Lectures

The tremendous influence of religion on arts and letters is a fact which now is being recognized as one of the most hopeful trends of the age. The ignorance regarding "mediaevalism" which prevailed until recently is now being dispelled. The new knowledge concerning this subject, once confined to specialists, is now being made accessible to the cultured public. There is a demand for a comprehensive treatment of the sisterhood that existed, and still exists, between religion, arts, and letters.

The Pius X School of Liturgical Music in consequence of its recognition of this need, announces a course of public lectures on the History of Sacred Art. The schedule is as follows:—

Introductory	**Professor Edward Kennard Rand, Harvard University.**	**Oct. 25**
Liturgical Drama	**Professor Karl Young, Yale University.**	**Nov. 1** **Nov. 15**
Rubrics	**Rev. T. Lawrason Riggs, Chaplain Catholic Club, Yale University.**	**Dec. 6** **Dec. 20**
Architecture	**Ralph Adams Cram**	**Jan. 17** **Jan. 30**
Sacred Painting	**Bancel La Farge**	**Feb. 14** **Feb. 28**
Sacred Literature	**Rev. Cornelius Clifford**	**Mar. 14** **Mar. 28**
Liturgical Music	**Mrs. Justine B. Ward**	**Apr. 11** **Apr. 25**

The Lectures will be given at the Pius X Hall, 130th Street and Convent Avenue on the dates mentioned above at 4.00 P.M. Since the capacity of the hall is limited to approximately 400 seats early application for tickets is advisable.

Subscription for Course, $25.00

Application may be made to The Director of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, Convent Avenue and West 130th Street, New York City; or to The Commonweal, Suite 4622, Grand Central Terminal Building, New York City.

ter; King's College by Edwyn Bevan; United Free Church College by Adam Findlay; Liverpool by John Garstang; the Theological College of the Presbyterian Church of England by Charles Scott; the University of Melbourne by Emeritus Professor Thomas Tucker; Westminster Training College by Herbert Workman. Sir Frederick Kenyon, director and principal librarian of the British Museum, and the Most Reverend William Temple, Archbishop of York, complete the roll. This is an imposing list, as well for the standing as for the distribution of the men who make it up. The essays or chapters they contribute to this work are grouped in five sections or under five heads: The World into Which Christ Was Born; The Life of Christ and the Early Records of It; The Early Church; From the Fourth Century to the End of the Reformation; After the Reformation.

Comprehensive as this outline may appear, the work is as remarkable for its omissions as for its contents. It has no preliminary statement of any kind as to its genesis or purpose. The publishers' wrapper says: "The work is neither propaganda nor radical iconoclasm, but a dignified and impartial contribution to history." Readers will, of course, be free to form their own estimate of its character, but the desire will remain, nevertheless, to learn who conceived and outlined the framework into which the contributions were to be fitted. Excellent as the chapters may be when taken separately, they will inevitably lose much of their force and value because of the failure of the editor or originator of the scheme to state the principle which prompted the grouping of such a collection. The fault probably does not lie with the individual authors, for it is difficult to think of them as writing from behind the quasi-anonymity of a prefaceless book.

Calling the work a history of Christianity is hardly a preparation for the meagre list of topics it deals with. They are all, unquestionably, important topics; but the manner in which they are handled gives a one-sided and incomplete presentation of the main subject. Much is said in the early chapters on the subject of pagan worship and the mystery religions, and many close parallels are drawn with Christian liturgical observances, but in subsequent chapters the subject of Christian worship is hardly mentioned. This omission is all the more serious because the parallels do not seem so striking when seen from the side of Christian usage. Though the essays exhibit a very high order of scholarship, the conviction deepens with every chapter that the picture of the Christian Church at any stage of its progress is incomplete and unsatisfactory.

The topics selected for discussion represent the salient problems in Christian history to a large number of investigators. Such a choice and such a manner of treatment are not without significance and value. One striking fact which emerges from the early chapters is that the question of the beginnings of Christianity has been transferred from the field of criticism to that of exegesis. Forty years ago the New Testament records were discarded on the ground that they were spurious: now the records are accepted but their meaning is brought under discussion. This is the problem of origins at the present time. It is clear from these pages that the theory which would link the beginnings of Christianity with the mystery religions is losing ground. The Synoptic problem, the Johannine writings, and the theology of Saint Paul are treated at length and with results not quite in keeping with traditional Christian tenets and beliefs.

A careful reading of Professor Burkitt's chapter on The Life of Christ does not reveal in the Person he evokes from the Gospels any resemblance to the Christ of Christian faith. Pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fessor Burkitt has a convenient method of removing obstacles which stand in the way of his naturalistic interpretation of the Gospel records. A process of "frank rationalization" on the subject of the Feeding of the Five Thousand enables him to dispose of this miracle very summarily. "The solution," he says, "which appeals to me is that Jesus told His disciples to distribute their scanty store and their example made those who were well provided share with those who had little." He is equally frank in his discussion of the Resurrection: "The surviving traditions of these appearances of Jesus are confused and contradictory: there can be little doubt that there is an element of unhistorical legend and even fancy in some of the tales, notably those which are located in Galilee. But they have one curious characteristic which they share with the experience of Saul on his way to Damascus and in which they differ from other Gospel miracles.' The Gospel wonder-tales, we are told, produced astonishment, but the effect was transitory: the 'Feeding of the Five Thousand' did not make the disciples less anxious when they were short of provisions in their boat. But neither Simon Peter nor Saul of Tarsus seem to have had any further doubts when once they had been persuaded that Jesus had appeared to them alive." This is about all Saint Paul claimed and this was enough to send him forth as a preacher of the risen Christ. If this statement on the Resurrection could be taken as representing the mind of all the contributors to the volume, much they have written might as well have remained unsaid.

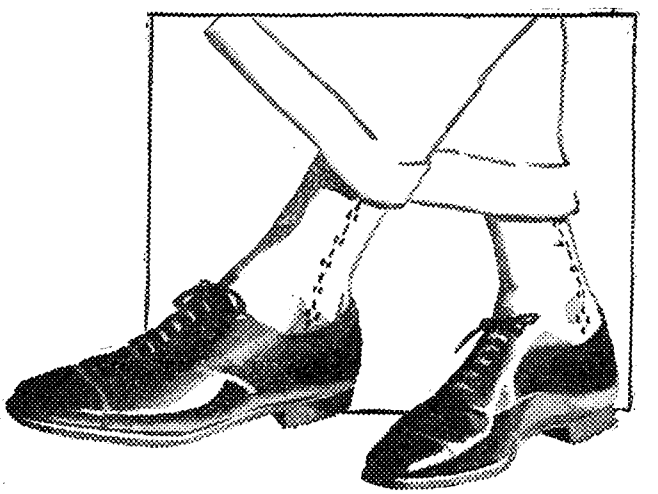
With few exceptions the chapters will repay study. They represent the mature conclusions of scholars each of whom is a recognized specialist in his field, but they would have been more convincing as a whole if some of their discrepancies had been smoothed out by careful editing. Mediaevalists will have a real grievance in finding that the 1,200 years between Constantine and Luther receive a scant ninety pages out of a total of 780. Two short chapters, two narrow historical duck-boards, enable the reader to pass from the Peace of the Church to the beginnings of Protestantism. The submersion of the middle-ages is all the more remarkable because an entire chapter is devoted to The English Versions of the Bible. The English version is, no doubt, worthy of all praise, but in the history of the Church it was the Bible, not the English version, that counted. Sir Frederick George Kenyon, who contributed this valuable chapter, seems to suffer from the usual blind spot that afflicts writers on the history of texts and versions, and overlooks the not altogether unimportant fact that the discovery of printing was a factor in multiplying copies of the Bible.

Much of the last part of the work deals with the religious affairs of Great Britain. This is quite natural. As a whole the work could have hardly been written by any but Englishmen. The healthy imperialistic, even Tory, flavor of some of its early chapters is very refreshing. Gilbert Murray's statement that "the Roman governing class had saved the ancient world, and their overthrow ruined it" has a familiar ring. The last chapter, Christianity Today: Social and Christian Ethics, is by the Archbishop of York. He envisages Christianity as a great social force with a great social mission. He lauds the Church for its influence in abolishing slavery (the English slave-trade) for factory legislation, for its opposition to drink (English drink) and he points out that a new dragon is abroad, the dragon of gambling and betting. He sums up cogently and concisely the Christian view of life as expressing: the sacredness of personality; the reality of fellowship; the duty of fellowship; the power of

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS



BALTA FOOTWEAR

for Gentlemen of Particular Preferences—this Group of Shoes and Boots. . . .

STREET—Black or tan oxfords done in fine Scotch or Norwegian grain leathers or kidskin, over a variety of comfortable smart lasts,
$10, $12.50, $14, $16, $18, $25

GOLFING—Oxfords of tan Norwegian grain, Scotch grain, Russia calf, made with non-skid rubber or rubber-studded soles. Comfortable, long-wearing, and good-looking. *Variously priced from* . $10 to $18

RIDING—Full boots for dress or field, jodhpur boots—made in the correct manner of imported calfskin. *Variously priced from* . . . . . $14 to $35

DRESS—Oxfords made of patent or dull calfskin over a special last to give the trim, narrow heel so necessary to such shoes—light in weight and exceptionally good-looking . . . . . $8.50 to $18

A very smart model, especially recommended to be worn with a navy blue suit, is the new Balta, in midnight blue. Priced at $12.50

MEN'S SHOES—SIXTH FOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next Week

That certain Americans have heeded the words "Go ye forth and teach all nations" is beautifully demonstrated in an article which Michael Williams has written and titled MARYKNOLL: A NURSERY OF MARTYRS. On the banks of the Hudson, not greatly distanced from that most modern metropolis, New York City, is situated the seminary where young men of our own country are prepared for the propagation of the Faith in foreign lands, and it is the soul behind that seminary, which sponsors "the Maryknoll movement," that Mr. Williams has described. . . . Dr. John A. Ryan's third article in the series on UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE UNITED STATES deals with higher wages for the masses and discusses the theory that "workers are consumers as well as producers and to increase the purchasing power of consumers is desirable, not only for the worker himself but for industry and society as a whole." . . . In MRS. PONSONBY-PORTER, N. Hammersley Laing, a writer of the Southwest, has contributed a short but realistic character portrayal with decided elements of the unusual. . . . O. Henry once wrote an amusing story of a courtship by means of statistics which did not win the girl. THE CULT OF STATISTICS is a more serious development of the same basic idea which the great short-story writer satirized. . . . And last, but by no means, least, William E. Cram has sent us a delightful paper called WILD FOWL which will delight all lovers of the woods and fields. The wise reader will likewise turn to the other departments of the magazine.

sacrifice. It is a noble program. May its full realization be not long deferred!

The work is scholarly and stimulating, but it can hardly be said to have realized the promise of its title. It is merely a series of essays written in unimpeachable style and temper, but lacking just the thing that would have given it point and significance—a frank statement of its origin and purpose.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

An Excellent Manual

A History of English Literature, by Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

NOW the two volumes of the Legouis-Cazamian history are joined in a practical new edition, it is really necessary only to repeat the eulogies which each received upon appearance. Here one finds, it has been widely felt, a fresh and stimulating summary of English literary experience. If the estimates are characterized by French nicety of taste, the work as a whole has been executed with a philosophic breadth which may bring home to many, for the first time, the universality of their literature.

Professor Legouis's task was probably easier than that entrusted to his associate. Older books and writers have been fairly well scrutinized by a succession of critics, so that the ground is relatively firm under the tread. Nevertheless it is gone over here with a serene sureness which may be tested, for instance, in the discussion of such difficult subjects as Cowley's verse and More's humanism. Upon many occasions the value of the light to be gleaned from comparative literary study is proved abundantly. It matters little, therefore, whether one agrees with the assertion that Herrick was a better servitor to the Greek anthology than was Ben Jonson (which seems heresy to the present writer) or whether one accept the rift between Old English and Modern English here insisted upon.

Professor Cazamian's treatise is well done, as so many have said. If the philosophic trend in nineteenth-century literature is stressed more vigorously than is the custom, and if the discussion of Romanticism is conducted against the background of continental history, these things can only prove valuable to those trained in other ways. There can be little doubt that this new book will be reckoned among the standard treatises for a long time to come. It is fortunate that the work of translation could be competently done.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

At Home with the Artist

Mad Fingers, by Hildegarde Huntsman. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

WHAT has come to be known as the artistic temperament—a state which covers a multitude, entirely too large a multitude, of sins—was completely foreign to the character of Anna Clayton, the heroine of Mad Fingers. But she did not escape its effects, for artistic temperaments were the all-sufficient excuses of those about her. Her father, Andrew, was a famous but unsocial painter; her mother, an ineffectual and neglected woman, ultimately a suicide; her brother, a struggling, egoistic and unmoral actor; and Paul, the man she loved, an arriving matinée idol. About her, in consequence, raged a maelstrom of conflicting emotions in which she could only cling to standards derived more from instinctive reasoning and innate goodness than from environ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment or teaching. Thus, while practically every phase of her life was ruled by the actions of her immediate circle, she succeeded in maintaining unimpaired her own individuality.

This theme, powerful in its implications, Miss Hildegarde Huntsman has handled extraordinarily well in her first novel. She has gone about the job of creating the chief figures in the Clayton circle with workman-like precision and an economy of words which is accomplished without any sacrifice of vital detail or emotion. Many better-known writers might study with profit her treatment, for instance, of the scene between Anna and her girlhood friend, Leslie, at the moment of Leslie's jealous frenzy. Miss Huntsman's particular excellence here lies in the preservation of the essential integrity of Anna, who valued friendship so highly that she overlooked the possibility of losing Paul in order that she might hold Leslie. Nor could she later bring herself to fight for a marriage with a thoroughly conventional and mother-dominated English gentleman who would have given her the security and peace she so deeply craved.

It is unfair to compare Miss Huntsman's fine novel with The Constant Nymph and thus dismiss it. There is a certain similarity between the two books but it is more superficial than real. The Clayton household is no modified Sanger circus, nor is Anna a soberer edition of Teresa. Mad Fingers, however, is as true and interesting as Miss Kennedy's picture of life at home with the artist.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

A Holland Family

The House of Joy, by Jo van Ammers-Küller. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

JO VAN AMMERS-KULLER tells the story of The House of Joy in the calm, reminiscent manner of one relating an experience long past. The narrative is skilfully handled, preserving the illusion of truth without intruding upon the reader exasperating explanations of the manner in which knowledge of certain events or circumstances was obtained. Jenny Heysten is the daughter of an old, aristocratic but impoverished Dutch family. Her teacher, Miss Schepp, discovers the young girl's unusual histrionic ability and arranges her first appearance upon the stage. Jenny quarrels with her family and throws herself upon the generosity of her former teacher, much to that lady's discomfiture. She obtains a theatrical engagement and embarks upon her career with its vicissitudes and entanglements. The break with Nico Maes, her smug fiancé, the affair with Veraart, the idealist, and the final parting from the long-suffering Miss Schepp follow gradually and naturally.

That Jenny is credible is due mainly to the fact that one could never doubt the reality of Miss Schepp. She has the substantiality of an authentic biographer, who has acquired the knowledge of her subject at first hand. The unflattering presentation of herself as an unattractive spinster, virtuous, generous but never lovable, places Jenny in better light than that young lady deserves.

To generalize about the emotions of stage folk is a bit unsafe, but undoubtedly The House of Joy gives a vivid picture of certain undesirable aspects of theatrical life. Probably stage life is much the same the whole world over, but here and there one comes across interesting pieces of information concerning the theatrical world in Holland, of which the majority of readers know so little.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

NEWMAN SCHOOL

Lakewood—New Jersey

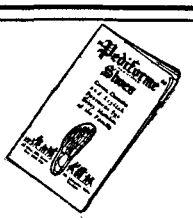
Prepares boys for all leading colleges and universities. Upper and Lower School. Directed by Catholic laymen. Resident Chaplain.

For Information Address

W. GRIFFIN KELLEY, *Headmaster*

The Good Old Days

Folks used to buy their shoes
And squeeze their poor feet in—
Suffer with aches and pains
Bruised toes and blistered skin.
Now we fit the foot
Style and comfort combine
No need to risk discomfort
PEDIFORME is the name on the sign.



Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style Book K that tells you how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE COMPANY

36 W. 36 St. New York | 29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J. | 322 Livingston St. Brooklyn

BURR PRINTING HOUSE

FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK. N. Y.

CATALOGUES. MAGAZINES. BOOKS AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York
AUTUMN AND WINTER SESSION
Justine Ward Method, Courses I, II, III
Gregorian Chant Gregorian Accompaniment
Choir Conducting and Liturgical Singing
Theory, ear training, sight reading, melody writing
Harmony, Musical Appreciation Counterpoint Polyphony
Lessons in Vocal Production, Organ, Violin, Piano, privately or in class
For further information, address the Secretary Cathedral 1334

THE URSULINE ACADEMY
A College Preparatory School for Girls
Resident and Day Pupils
Chartered by the Regents of New York
Grand Concourse at 165th St., New York City

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.
A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION
Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students
Catalogues on application to the Secretary

IMMACULATE HEART COLLEGE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
Chartered Institution for the Higher Education of Women
Four-year College Course leading to Collegiate Degree
Accredited High School Department
IMMACULATE HEART COLLEGE
Hollywood, California

BETHANY HOUSE
(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)
DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
Chapel—Daily Mass
Rates: $4.00 per day and Upward, Including Meals
Sr. Directress, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll, P.O., N. Y.
Tel. No. Ossining 1452

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
Syosset, (Long Island) New York
A Residential and Day School for Girls.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

SETON HILL COLLEGE
GREENSBURG, PA.
An Eastern School with Western Vigor
A Northern School with Southern Charm
College Women From Eighteen States
500 Minutes from Broadway 43 Minutes from Pittsburgh

ROSARY COLLEGE
RIVER FOREST (near Chicago), ILLINOIS
A standard college, fully recognized, conducted by The Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin.
College students only enrolled.
Junior year may be spent at European branch, in French Switzerland.

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
A Catholic college for women offering courses leading to Bachelor degrees in arts, science and music. Registered by the State Boards of Education in N. Y., N. J. and Pa. Courses in Home Economics and Music. Campus of 400 acres. Tennis, hockey, riding and other sports. *Catalogue*
Address Dean, Box C. Convent Station, New Jersey

Briefer Mention

William Wordsworth, by George McLean Harper. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

A NEW and cheaper edition of Professor Harper's standard work is sure to appeal to numerous students of literature, particularly since revisions afford the gist of the research done recently by Legouis and others. It is, of course, a voluminous life, with many admirable reflective digressions upon the state of culture and literature generally during Wordsworth's time. The prose is eminently readable, so that a public inured to reading biography might well turn here for entertainment. Few American scholars have studied their subject more persistently or thoroughly than Professor Harper has studied his.

American Poetry, 1671-1928; edited by Conrad Aiken. New York: The Modern Library. $.95.

WE ARE grateful to Mr. Aiken for this excellent anthology, although we regret his decision to exclude selections from his own work. As might have been expected, his book reflects the opinion that "the poetry which begins, roughly, with Emily Dickinson, has been the richest which America has produced," but he pays a more than expected deference to the antique figure of Anne Bradstreet. On both counts we are with him.

CONTRIBUTORS

DR. JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, and director of the Social Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of A Living Wage; and Social Reconstruction.

CHARLES A. WAGNER, who has recently published Nearer the Bone, a collecion of poems, is engaged in journalism and theatricals in New York City.

KATHERINE BRÉGY, critic and poet, is the author of The Poet's Chantry; and Poets and Pilgrims.

DR. KARL SCHAEZLER, critic of music, resides in Munich, Germany, and is a member of the staff of Hochland. The paper which appears in this issue of The Commonweal was translated by George N. Shuster.

JOHANNES MATTERN is a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University and the author of several standard treatises on political science.

M. DE GRACIA CONCEPCION, a Philippine poet, is the author of Azucena.

CONCHA ESPINA, Spanish poet and novelist, is the author of Mariflor; and The Red Beacon.

GEORGE FORT MILTON is the editor of the Chattanooga News, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

REV. PATRICK J. HEALY is dean of the faculty of theology in the Catholic University of America. He is the author of The Valerian Persecution; and Historical Christianity and the Social Question.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI is a member of The Commonweal staff.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM is an occasional contributor to The Commonweal.

IRISH HAMS and BACON
Hungarian Salami
German Frankfurters
Westphalian Hams
M. H. GREENEBAUM, INC.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED